FINAL DRAFT

"GALLIPOLI"

Screenplay by
DAVID WILLIAMSON

Based on a story by
PETER WEIR

1. EXT. THE OUTBACK. DAWN. 1.

(MAIN TITLE & CREDIT SEQUENCE)

Out of an early morning mist appears the head of a giant wooden horse. (SUPER MAIN TITLE)
Around its neck is a linked chain of horseshoes which dance and jingle with every movement. The horse is built from scraps of sawn timber and is a magnificent bit of 'primitive' sculpture.

VARIOUS ANGLES on the wooden beast - a red and white eye staring wildly, a flared nostril, the wheels of a cart rolling and creaking their way through the dust. A dozen YOUNG HORSEMEN ride escort to the wagon.

END CREDITS.

2. EXT. THE OUTBACK. DAWN. 2.

HIGH ANGLE on a vast plain, stretching to the horizon. The first rays of the sun make the earth glow a deep red. A patch of early morning mist hovers just above the ground and the wooden horse mounted on the back of a cart, can just be made out as it moves slowly through the mist.

3. EXT. A CLEARING NEAR BINDANA STATION, OUTBACK. DAWN. 3.

ARCHY HAMILTON, a lean, perfectly proportioned, open faced young man of eighteen, stands in running shorts breathing deeply. His bearing and physique stamp him as an athlete. The voice of an older man is heard nearby. The voice is that of his Grandfather, Jack.

JACK (V/O)
Deeper. Deeper. Come on, deeper.

A tough, knarled old hand comes into shot and pats ARCHY's diaphragm.

JACK (V/O)
Come on. From here. Here!

The hand slaps ARCHY's solar plexus.

(cont'd)

JACK (V/O)
Right. That's it. In, out. Good. Now loosen up. Loosen 'em up.

ARCHY begins to shake his arm and leg muscles.

JACK (V/O)
That's it. Loosen 'em up. Now, on the spot. One two, one two, one two.

CUT to ARCHY scratching out two small patches on the ground. Jack's voice now comes from further away as he moves off down the track, but we don't see him as he's still out of shot.

JACK (V/O)
What are your legs?

ARCHY
Springs. Steel springs.

JACK (V/O)
What are they going to do?

ARCHY
Hurl me down the track!

ARCHY is now tense and ready. We see VARIOUS ANGLES and CLOSE UPS of his leg muscles, thighs, shoulder muscles, pectorals. We hear Jack's footsteps as he continues to walk away. Bush sounds are heard over ARCHY's breathing.

JACK (V/O)
How fast can you run?

ARCHY
As fast as a leopard.

JACK (V/O)
How fast are you going to run?

ARCHY (loud)
As fast as a leopard.

(cont'd)

3. Cont'd 3.

CLOSE on JACK. A strange figure in this desert setting, dressed as he is in elements of a naval captain's uniform.

JACK (loudly)
Then let's see you do it.

He raises a whistle to his lips as we CUT BACK to ARCHY. The whistle blasts, and ARCHY rockets off down the track, and we widen suddenly to show him hurtling towards a tape where JACK stands with a stopwatch. The track is in the middle of a bush clearing and shimmers slightly in the morning sun. ARCHY breasts the tape with a lunge, decelerates into easy loping strides, and turns back towards his Grandfather. CLOSE on ARCHY's face, which is excited but apprehensive. JACK teases him by keeping a perfectly straight face. ARCHY waits, too nervous to say anything in case the news is bad.

JACK
How'd it feel?

ARCHY (shrugs)
Okay.

JACK breaks into a grin.

JACK
Nine and five eighths.

ARCHY raises his eyebrows and breaks into a pleased grin.

4. EXT. STOCKYARDS. BINDANA. DAY. 4.

A large cattle mob are being driven to the yards by a group of STOCKMEN.

CLOSE on WALLACE HAMILTON, a man in his early fifties, who is wheeling in and out of the cattle, swinging his whip and shouting and whistling at dogs and STOCKMEN with an obvious air of authority.
He yells at LES McCANN, a surly looking stockman of about thirty, to go after a group of strays who've broken away from the main herd. LES seems confused as to what WALLACE wants him to do. ARCHY however, exhibiting great horsemanship, is already off after the breakaways. ARCHY wheels them in and rides back to WALLACE.

(cont'd)

WAL (to Archy)
Bloody war's taken all the good men. (He shouts at McCann) Don't just sit there man! Get into it!

McCANN rides back in amongst the mob.

WAL
You finish off here son, Coop and I'll pick up the Mile End mob.

ARCHY is obviously being offered an important job, and he can hardly conceal his pride.

WAL (nodding to the stockmen)
Think you can handle 'em?

ARCHY
I can handle 'em Dad.

WAL passes ARCHY his silver handled stockwhip, which the boy takes proudly. WAL wheels his horse and canters off, watched by LES McCANN.
ARCHY spurs his horse and shouts further commands to the MEN. LES McCANN however, pointedly ignores him and reins his horse in. He begins rolling a cigarette. ARCHY rides up to him.

ARCHY
Les, you go for the strays.

LES
Zac can do that.

ARCHY
I want you to do it.

LES
When I'm ready.

ARCHY
Now.

McCANN finishes rolling his cigarette, holds the younger man's gaze for a moment, before moving off slowly.

5. EXT. STOCKYARD. MONTAGE. DAY. 5.

CLOSE on ARCHY and ZAC, an aboriginal boy of about the same age. They obviously work well together and seem to be doing the lion's share of the work.

6. EXT. CLEARING. DAM. DAY. 6.

The STOCKMEN, including ARCHY, splash their faces and each other in a jubilant celebration of the end of a hard day. ARCHY, dripping wet, flops on the ground and pulls off his boots, soaking his feet in the water. LES rolls a cigarette nearby and glares at ARCHY. Some of the nearby STOCKMEN sense a showdown brewing. ARCHY sits on a log and talks to ZAC.

LES

Prefer the company of blacks eh Archy?

ARCHY

Zac's m'mate.

ZAC

We run together.

LES (to Archy)

Fancy yourself as a runner?

A tension enters the GROUP. ARCHY decides to ignore him.

ZAC

He's more than a runner mate. He's a top bloody athlete.

LES

Girls run. Men box.

ANOTHER

Lay off Les.

ZAC

Archy can run faster than you can ride.

(cont'd)

General laughter from the group of STOCKMEN.

LES
That a fact?

ARCHY
Two to one I'll beat you to the home gate.

LES (frowning)
Me on horseback, you on foot?

ARCHY
Yeah. I go cross country, you take the track.

ANOTHER
That's a fair bet. The track's two miles further.

ANOTHER
Have a go Les.

LES
Okay.

ARCHY reaches for a boot. LES steps on it.

LES
Barefoot.

ARCHY considers a moment, looks about him. The ground is rough and stoney. LES smirks at him.

ARCHY
You're on.

LES moves to his horse, ARCHY follows. As LES reaches for the stirrup -

ARCHY
Bareback.

LES turns.

(cont'd)

6. Cont'd 6.

ARCHY (smiling)

Barefoot, bareback.

LES looks uncertain, but can't back out. He unbuckles the saddle. His mates start a book, general excitement. ZAC consults with ARCHY on the best cross country course. They line up. One man acting as STARTER holds a handkerchief aloft. With a shout, they're off, LES quickly leaving the boy behind.

7. EXT. THE RACE. MONTAGE. DUSK. 7.

ARCHY running through trees, then across stoney ground. LES hanging on desperately as his horse gallops the dusty road. Behind him ride the cheering STOCKMEN.

CUT to ARCHY pounding along a dry creek bed. He startles hundreds of galahs, which rise screeching above him.

A HIGH WIDE SHOT shows the relationship of runner and horseman to be almost equal.

8. EXT. HOME GATE. DUSK. 8.

JACK has spotted his grandson hurtling up the hill near the home gate. He hurries down to meet him. The road itself is mostly hidden from view, so he cannot see the horsemen. ARCHY and his GRANDFATHER reach the gate at the same time, but ARCHY is momentarily unable to speak. Seconds later, LES's riderless horse canters past towards the stables, followed by ZAC on horseback. ZAC is laughing so much he too is unable to speak. He just points back down the track and manages to get the name 'Les' out before again breaking up. ARCHY and JACK get the story and ARCHY joins in the laughter between gasps for air. The old man glances down at ARCHY's feet - they are raw and bloody.

JACK (stern)

Go to my room before your mother sees this.

9. INT. JACK'S ROOM. NIGHT. 9.

JACK carefully bathes and bandages ARCHY's feet. He looks stern and grim-faced. The room itself is crammed with books from wall to ceiling and the titles we see suggest they are predominantly about adventure, travel and war. Any blank spaces on the wall are filled by maps. The largest is a Mercator projection map of the world with the British Empire shown in bright red. The old man's hobby is building scale model ships, and various examples of his work are to be seen on the mantlepiece, A large portrait of an athlete (Harry Lasalles) dominates one wall.

JACK (shaking his head)
I can't understand you.

ARCHY
I'm sorry.

JACK
You've got the God given ability to be one of our very greatest - and I'm not just saying that lad - you could be up there with Harry Lasalles.

ARCHY (embarrassed)
Grandad....

JACK (emphatically)
Greater than Lasalles! And three days before your first big race you go and do this.

ARCHY
I'll still win.

JACK
Mmm.

ARCHY
Running's not all there is to life.

JACK looks at him sharply.

ARCHY
Peter Trevellian joined up last week.

(cont'd)

JACK (sharply)
No more of that. You're under age.

ARCHY
You ran away when you were younger than I am.

JACK
Not to a war.

ARCHY
You'd been right round the world by the time you were eighteen. The Spice Islands, the Barbary Coast.....

JACK
I made most of those stories up.

ARCHY
No you didn't. Dad says you nearly got yourself killed half a dozen times.

JACK
I judged the risks and took my chances. War's different.

ARCHY
How's it different?

JACK
It's just different!

There is a pause.

JACK
You know there's no hope in the world that your mother and father would let you go, so what's the point of talking about it.

ARCHY
I thought you might help me.

MAVIS, one of Archy's young sisters, who is six or seven pokes her head in the door. Her eyes widen as she sees Archy's feet.

10. EXT/INT. VERANDAH. SUNSET. 10.

WALLACE sits on the verandah drinking a cold beer. Also seated on the verandah in the evening cool are Archys' mother, ROSE, JACK, ARCHY, MAVIS and her SISTER and her two BROTHERS - their ages ranging down from fourteen to the youngest, a small boy of four.

WALLACE

When's this race?

JACK

Saturday.

WALLACE

How long are you going to be gone?

ARCHY (quickly)

Just over the weekend.

WALLACE

Fine time you pick to go off gallivanting in town. Right in the middle of the bloody muster.

ROSE

Don't swear in front of the girls Wallace.

WALLACE (to Archy)

Just see you put in your fair share of work before you go.

JACK

I'm afraid the lad's going to have to rest for the next three days Wal.

WALLACE

Rest? Why?

MAVIS (with all the pride of special knowledge)

He's cut his feet up and they're all bloody!

CLOSE on WAL's reaction.

11. INT. JACK'S ROOM. NIGHT. 11.

JACK sits by the fire in an arm chair surrounded by his GRANDCHILDREN. He reads from a book of Rudyard Kipling - a particularly exciting chapter which has the CHILDREN listening in awed silence. ARCHY sits by a window, slightly turned away from the group, but listening none the less.

JACK (reading)

"The fire was burning furiously at the end of the branch, and Mowgli struck right and left round the circle, and the wolves ran howling with the sparks burning their fur. At last there were only Akela, Bagheera, and perhaps ten wolves that had taken Mowgli's part. Then something began to hurt Mowgli inside him, as he had never been hurt in his life before, and he caught his breath and sobbed, and the tears ran down his face. 'What is it? What is it?' he said. 'I do not wish to leave the jungle, and I do not know what this is. Am I dying Bagheera?' 'No little brother. Those are only tears such as men use,' said Bagheera. 'Now I know thou art a man, and a man's cub no longer. The jungle is shut indeed to thee henceforward. Let them fall Mowgli. They are only tears.' So Mowgli sat and cried as though his heart would break; and he had never cried in all his life before.
'Now,' he said, 'I will go to men.'

11A. EXT. PROPERTY. NIGHT. 11A.

JACK stands near the fence staring out into the night. The dogs are barking in the background. ARCHY walks towards him, hesitates, then walks on and stands beside him. JACK turns, smiles sadly at ARCHY and the two of them walk back towards the house together.

11. INT. JACK's ROOM. NIGHT. 11.

JACK sits by the fire in an armchair surrounded by the YOUNG CHILDREN. He reads from a book of Rudyard Kipling - a particularly exciting chapter which has the CHILDREN listening in awed silence.

JACK (reading)

"The fire was burning furiously at the end of the branch, and Mowgli struck right and left round the circle, and the wolves ran howling with the sparks burning their fur. At last there were only Akela, Bagheera, and perhaps ten wolves that had taken Mowgli's part. Then something began to hurt Mowgli inside him, as he had never been hurt in his life before, and he caught his breath and sobbed, and the tears ran down his face. 'What is it? What is it?' he said. 'I do not wish to leave the jungle, and I do not know what this is. Am I dying Bagheera?' 'No little brother. Those are only tears such as men use,' said Bagheera. 'Now I know thou art a man, and a man's cub no longer. The jungle is shut indeed to thee henceforward. Let them fall Mowgli. They are only tears.

11AA. EXT. HOMESTEAD. NIGHT. 11AA.

ROSE, carrying a lantern, moves out onto the verandah. She calls to the CHILDREN and they come tumbling out the door of Jack's cottage and run toward their mother. JACK is seen standing in the doorway helping in the roundup of one or two who seem reluctant to go to bed.

11A. EXT. PROPERTY. NIGHT. 11A.

ARCHY stands near the fence staring out into the night. The dogs are barking in the background. JACK walks towards him, hesitates, then walks on and stands beside him. ARCHY turns, smiles at JACK and the two of them walk back towards the house together.

12. EXT. DESERT NIGHT. 12.

Great bonfires send up showers of sparks, as the great wooden horse on its transport wagon is given a rowsing send off by a GROUP of TOWNSFOLK. A group of HORSEMEN mount, to ride with the wagon. The flames and smoke envelope the scene and contribute to the pagan-like atmosphere.

13. EXT. DESERT. DAY. 13.

A railway track stretches across the red earth to infinity. Beside the track a collection of fettlers' tents and lean-to's.

CLOSE ON a GROUP of YOUNG FETTLERS sharing a cup of tea by a track. They are watched from the door of a hut by an irritable, red-faced man, ANGUS, the foreman of the team. He consults a pocket-watch.

The unacknowledged leader of the group is FRANK DUNNE, a tough, lean, sardonic-looking man of twenty-four. His mates in order are: BILLY, a puckish, bright-eyed youth whose face seems permanently set in a frown of apprehension, and BARNEY, a long, thin sombre and rather slow-witted youth of twenty-one. They are huddled over a newspaper, whose headlines read: 'AUSTRALIANS IN ACTION"....'TROOPS ESTABLISH THEMSELVES ON GALLIPOLI PENINSULAR'. The news has clearly excited their imaginations. By contrast FRANK sits reading a local newspaper announcing the '
"KIMBERLY GIFT ATHLETIC MEET"

BARNEY (reading)

"Despite continual opposition
our troops have established themselves
across....(HE STUMBLES ON THE
WORD)...Gallip...Gallop..."

BILLY

Gallipoli.

The group fall silent for a moment as they consider the news.

BARNEY

Jeez, I wish I was over there with 'em.

FRANK

You would. (cont)

13. CONT. 13.

SNOWY

Well, crikey Frank. You can't help feeling a bit proud.

ANGUS, the foreman, shouts from his hut.

ANGUS

Five more minutes Dunne!

FRANK (smiling sweetly)

Right, Boss! (TO THE OTHERS) You old bastard.

BILLY takes over the task of reading aloud from BARNEY.

BILLY

Listen to this: "The Turkish defences included wire entanglements and deep pits with spiked bottoms."

BARNEY

The bastards!

SNOWY

That's it. I'm going to join up.

BILLY

Me too. What about you Barn?

BARNEY (frowns)

Dunno.

BILLY

Be in it. The girls go wild over a uniform.

(cont)

13. (CONT.) 13.

BARNEY (thoughtfully)
Yeah?

BILLY
'Course in your case, I don't think anything'd help, but you might as well give it a go.

General laughter at BARNEY's expense.

SNOWY
What's say we all join up together?

BILLY
Count me in. Come on Frank. You've got to be in it.

FRANK
Not me. If you all want to get yourselves shot go right ahead.

SNOWY
I'm not scared to die for my country.

FRANK
Good for you Snow.

BILLY (to Frank)
You must admit mate. Nothing could be worse than this.

FRANK
Can't argue with that.

BARNEY
You're going to join?

FRANK
No. But I'm not going to stay here either.

14. EXT. SECTION OF TRACK. DESERT. DAY. 14.

A train clattering along the track, its whistle blasting. Across the front of the engine a hand-painted sign has been stretched, proclaiming.

XIMBERLY GIFT 1915

NOW TO PAGE 15 SCRIPT

15. EXT. FOREMAN'S HUT. SECTION OF TRACK. DAY. 15.

CUT to ANGUS who appears at the door of the foreman's hut. He looks toward the approaching train, checks his watch, then turns toward his team to make sure they've heard its approach.

No-one in sight.

ANGUS is furious.

ANGUS (screaming over sound of train)

Dunne! Lewis! Wilson! Where the hell are you?!

He strides toward the huts and tents, determined to have a piece of Dunne.
The train is now slowing, and passing him. Suddenly from their huts, burst the fully dressed, and packed fettler team. They laugh as they race past the bewildered ANGUS and leap aboard the still rolling train. FRANK delivers a last few choice words to the ex-boss as he passes.
ANGUS gives chase, picking up and hurling clods of earth at the deserters - to the delight of the passengers craning out of the windows of the train.

ANGUS

Come back you young bastards!

FRANK (shouting from the train)

Keep it up Angus. It's the hardest work you've done for years!

16. EXT. BINDANA STATION. MORNING. 16.

ARCHY and JACK are about to set off in a sulky for the athletic meet. ROSE and the CHILDREN are gathered to say their farewells. ARCHY gives his mother ROSE, a farewell kiss.

ARCHY

Goodbye Mum.

There is something in the tone of his voice and the unusual fondness of the embrace that strikes ROSE momentarily.

(cont'd)

16. Cont'd 16.

ROSE

It's only two days.

JACK goes to pick up ARCHY's overnight bag, but ARCHY sees him, breaks away from ROSE and hurriedly moves across to pick up the bag himself.

JACK (from the sulky)

Come on boy. We've got a race to run.

ARCHY climbs into the sulky, and with a last wave to the FAMILY, they move off at a brisk trot. ARCHY's mate ZAC appears from a grove of trees and for a distance runs beside the sulky, until eventually left behind.

17. EXT. OVAL. DAY. 17.

Great animation amongst the crowd as the war news spreads, doubling the already expectant atmosphere. Various athletic events already under way.
To one side - a rickety grandstand with a lean on it like the Tower of Pisa, threatens to sag to the ground at any minute under the weight of spectators.
A dozen large kegs of beer have been set up to one side of the grandstand, and here we find FRANK, looking rather spivy in his city clothes.
Various horse-drawn vehicles circle the oval, and here the 'toffs' have set up picnic lunches on the grass, or in several cases, have brought smart folding stools and tables. FRANK cruises amongst the elite, eyeing off GIRLS and smart carriages. FRANK aspires to such elegance.
A little to one side, but a part of this group, ARCHY and his GRANDFATHER - ARCHY doing a set of warm up exercises.

18. EXT. THE TRACK. DAY. 18.

A race, the gun goes off. CLOSE on the ATHLETES as they bolt for the finishing tape. A MAN with a bullhorn announces the results.

19. INT. TENT. DAY. 19.

FRANK walks up to an OFFICER LIONEL, seated behind a desk. A SECOND OFFICIAL a COLONEL, stands beside him. They work busily on a pile of papers on the desk. They ignore FRANK and continue with their work.

FRANK

This where you enter for the Gift?

LIONEL (not looking up)

Entries closed a week ago.

FRANK

I just got in from outback.

COLONEL

What's your name?

FRANK

Dunne.

LIONEL

You registered?

FRANK

Yeah, in Perth.

LIONEL

Where'd you run your last race?

FRANK

Freemantle 'bout six months ago.

LIONEL

Yeah, I know you, the stand-up start.

COLONEL

Give him a go.

FRANK

What's the prize money?

(cont)

LIONEL

Ten guineas and the medal.

He indicates a gold medal on the table, FRANK hardly glances at it.

FRANK

Anyone take bets?

LIONEL

No, it's against the law.
How much were you wanting to lay?

FRANK

Twenty quid.

LIONEL (whistles)

You're pretty confident.
Where's your twenty?

FRANK brings it out in small notes from his pocket.

LIONEL

Young Archy Hamilton's running.

FRANK

Who's he?

LIONEL

Probably the fastest kid in West Australia. If not the country.

FRANK

What's he run?

LIONEL

Under ten. I don't want to take your money without fair warning.

FRANK

What's my mark?

(cont)

19. (CONT) 19.

LIONEL (smiles)

Same as the local kid.

FRANK (considers this)

O.K. You're on.

20. EXT. SECTION OF OVAL. DAY. 20.

CLOSE on ARCHY and his UNCLE. JACK carefully removes ARCHY's boots and socks, then the bandages. His feet still look red and raw.

JACK

You can still pull out lad. Lasalles pulled out of the Barlow Cup, and no-one thought the worse of him.

ARCHY ignores this.

We hear the announcement of the 100yards event.

21. EXT. GRANDSTAND AREA. DAY. 21.

PEOPLE crowd into the grandstand, buzzing with excitement as the announcement is completed. FRANK emerges from a shed in singlet and shorts and running shoes. It's obvious he's come prepared. He makes his way onto the oval. There is a murmur from the CROWD. They don't know who he is. The announcer names him as a late entrant.

22. EXT. SECTION OF OVAL. DAY. 22.

ARCHY and JACK move to the edge of the field.

JACK

Start your breathing. Come on, deeper!

ARCHY, eyes closed, psyching himself into the run as his GRANDFATHER intones his pre-race chant. ARCHY mumbles the replies.

JACK

What are these?

He slaps ARCHY's thighs. ARCHY smiles, a little embarrassed.

JACK

Come on lad!

ARCHY

Steel springs.

JACK

Again!

ARCHY

Steel springs.

JACK

What are they going to do?

ARCHY

Hurl me down the track.

JACK

How fast can you run?

ARCHY

As fast as a leopard.

23. EXT. STARTING BLOCKS. DAY. 23.

We hear the rest of the litany as a voice over, shots of the ATHLETES lining up for the start of the race. CLOSE on ARCHY as he positions himself, a look of total concentration on his face. FRANK has identified ARCHY as his main rival, and now notes with some satisfaction, his bandaged feet.

JACK (V/O)
How fast are you going to run?

ARCHY (V/O loudly)
As fast as a leopard!

JACK (V/O)
Then let's see you do it!

The starter's pistol fires.

24. EXT. THE RACE. DAY. 24.

ARCHY in the lead, FRANK gaining just behind him. CLOSE on ARCHY's feet pounding on the turf, his face contorted with effort and pain. FRANK now slightly ahead, but a last superhuman thrust from ARCHY wins him the race. Cheers from the CROWD.

25. EXT. CROWD. DAY. 25.

The CROWD surges onto the field.

26. EXT. PART OF OVAL. DAY. 26.

ARCHY - about his neck a gold medal - gleaming - ADMIRERS and SUPPORTERS surround him - back-slaps, a glass of foaming beer handed to him. ARCHY turns to congratulate FRANK, but FRANK pointedly snubs him. ARCHY is hurt.

27. EXT. OVAL GATES. DAY. 27.

The wooden horse bursts through the banner across the oval entrance.

28. EXT. THE CROWD. OVAL. DAY. 28.

All eyes to the entrance. A momentary hush, as they take in the extraordinary sight. Then a new wave of cheering, and the CROWD sweeps toward the Army recruiting gimmick.

CLOSE ON FRANK staring.

WIDE for the first time on the horse - a sign about its front: 'LIGHT HORSE, JOIN NOW! Enthusiastic YOUNG MEN, their blood fired by a day of competition on the athletic field, leap aboard the wagon. A group of SOLDIERS and RECRUITS follow on horseback behind the wagon.

29. EXT. OVAL. DAY. 29.

CLOSE on ARCHY staring at the great wooden horse, JACK watching him.

JACK

Nine and five sixteenths lad.
You've equalled the great
Harry Lasalles, cut feet and all.

ARCHY

Uncle Jack....

JACK

Nothing's going to stop you
now lad.

ARCHY

Jack. I'm not coming home.

JACK looks toward the wooden horse and the SOLDIERS already pitching their tents.

JACK

I didn't think you were. Your bag weighed a ton.
What've you got in there.

ARCHY Books mostly. (cont)

29. Cont'd 29.

JACK nods.

ARCHY
And your lucky arrowhead.

JACK
Well, seems you've got the essentials. What if they don't take you? You don't look twenty one.

ARCHY
They won't ask questions when they see me ride.

ARCHY picks up his bag, taking some letters from a side pocket as he does so.

ARCHY
These are....Mum and Dad.

A bunch of COUNTRY LADS, most of them competitors from the afternoon's events, swarm past ARCHY - one shouts to him.

BOY
Come on Arch! There's a shindig at Bailey's.

OTHERS
Come on mate!

ARCHY is half swept away by more of the CROWD, he shouts back over his shoulder to his GRANDFATHER.

ARCHY (shouts)
Bye Grandad! I'll write!

CLOSE on JACK watching him go.

JACK (softly)
God bless you.

30. EXT/INT. HOTEL. MORNING. 30.

A number of COUNTRY BOYS are leaving the pub, all in the best of spirits. FRANK watches some from the window of his hotel, as they effortlessly mount up and turn their horses toward the oval at the far end of town. OTHERS including ARCHY, make their way on foot.

31. EXT. ROAD TO OVAL. DAY. 31.

Dozens of MEN ride or walk briskly towards the oval.

32. EXT. OVAL CENTRE. DAY. 32.

A long queue waits for the riding test, which is being conducted by an acerbic COMMISSIONED OFFICER.
It is now ARCHY's turn and he moves up to the OFFICER with his form in hand.
The OFFICER scrutinises his form and frowns.

OFFICER

Twenty one?

ARCHY (going red)

Yes sir.

OFFICER (smiling)

You don't look it. (He studies the form again) Go on, mount up.

ARCHY moves across and swings easily up into the saddle. He's just about to move off when we hear a voice from the queue.

VOICE

'Scuse me sir. I know the lad, and I'm afraid he's only eighteen.

ARCHY whirls around and we see, from his P.O.V. that the voice belongs to LES McCANN, the stockman.

LES

His father'd skin him alive if he knew he was here.

(cont'd)

32. Cont'd 32.

OFFICER

Sorry son. We can turn a blind eye if it's a matter of six months or so, but not when you're eighteen. Off the horse.

ARCHY is furious. He spurs the horse and completes the course with great ease before he dismounts.

33. EXT. HOTEL. DAY. 33.

In the street outside the hotel the successful YOUNG APPLICANTS talk, run, drink, congratulate each other and laugh, exhibiting an obvious mood of exuberance and exhilaration.

34. INT. FOYER. DAY. 34.

FRANK, bag in hand, walks to the desk in the foyer. He pays the CLERK, looks at the few miserable coins he has left over, shrugs and moves towards the door. On the way he passes the dining room and glances in. We see, from his P.O.V.

35. INT. DINING ROOM. DAY. 35.

ARCHY sits alone in the dining room, picking disconsolately at a huge country breakfast.

36. INT. FOYER. DAY. (RETURN TO SC. 34) 36.

FRANK hesitates, then, bag in hand, moves into the dining room.

37. INT. DINING ROOM. DAY. 37.

ARCHY looks up from his breakfast. We see, from his P.O.V. FRANK approaching. FRANK notes that ARCHY has his bag beside him at the table. FRANK puts his bag down beside ARCHY's.

FRANK

Sorry about yesterday mate.
You ran a great race.
Frank Dunne.

He extends his hand. ARCHY accepts it.

ARCHY

Archy Hamilton. Sit down.

FRANK hesitates then sits down.

FRANK

Just gave me a hell of a shock to be beaten right out here. I won everything there was to win in Perth.

ARCHY

I was lucky.

FRANK

Anyone who runs under nine and a half with crook feet isn't lucky mate. You're a champion.

(Indicating Archy's bag)

Joining up?

ARCHY

No, I missed out. Under age.

A young and attractive WAITRESS comes across to the table.

WAITRESS (to Frank)

Y'want somethin' t'eat?

FRANK considers this unacceptable and his accent becomes quite suave.

FRANK

You mean, would I like to order?

(cont'd)

WAITRESS
You from the city?

FRANK
Yes I am.

WAITRESS
Yeah, well we don't put on the dog up here. What d'y'want t'eat?

ARCHY tries to suppress a grin.

FRANK
If that's your attitude, nothing.

WAITRESS
Suit yourself.

The WAITRESS flounces away.

ARCHY
You'd better have something.

FRANK
Not hungry.

ARCHY
Neither am I.

ARCHY pushes his plate away. The meal is practically untouched.

FRANK
Don't you want it?

ARCHY shakes his head.

FRANK
Can't see good food wasted.

FRANK pulls the plate towards him. From the way he eats it it's obvious he is hungry.

(cont'd)

37. (CONT.) 37.

FRANK

Are you going to try again?

ARCHY

For the Light Horse?

FRANK, his mouth full, nods.

ARCHY

I can't. They know I'm underage.

FRANK

Not here. In Perth.

ARCHY looks up sharply.

38. EXT. A RAILWAY EMBANKMENT. OUTBACK. NIGHT. 38.

A train plods its way across the desert. CLOSE ON the embankment as the engine and carriage wheels roll through. Up from behind the embankment leap TWO FIGURES, running beside the train - they both spring with great speed, but the one in the lead maintains it and is soon aboard. The train accelerates and the other just makes it, taking a hold of his mate's extended hand.

38A. INT/EXT. CABIN OF FAST MOVING STEAM ENGINE. NIGHT. 38A.

The ENGINEER furiously shovels coal into the blazing fire, as they build up more steam.

39. INT. EMPTY STOCK CARRIAGE. NIGHT. 39.

ARCHY and FRANK inside the carriage. They are both panting.

FRANK

Thanks mate. You nearly lost me.

ARCHY

You know where it's headed?

FRANK

Has to get to Perth eventually.
There's nowhere else for it to go.

ARCHY nods. Reassured.

40. EXT. DESERT. NIGHT. 40.

With sparks showering from its stack, the train hurtles across the endless plain.

41. INT. CARRIAGE. DAY. 41.

Sunlight streams in on FRANK and ARCHY, asleep on a pile of straw. FRANK wakes with a start, and rising quickly, he moves to the doorway. He puts his shoulder to the door, pushing it back on its rollers. He blinks in the glare of the sun. CLOSE on FRANK staring in amazement.

42. FRANK'S P.O.V. 42.

Desert as far as the eye can see. A small tin shed near the track is the only relief to the eye. There is no sign of the rest of the train.

43. INT. CARRIAGE. DAY. 43.

ARCHY, woken by the streaming sunlight, sits up.

ARCHY

Perth?

FRANK

No mate. Not quite.

44. INT. SHED. DESERT. DAY. 44.

BILLY SNAKESKIN, a half cast aboriginal, blinks at the TWO BOYS in front of him. Behind him, pinned to the walls of the shed are hundreds of snakeskins. BILLY, by way of assuming some authority, puts on his railway's department peaked cap, and glances at a much thumbed time table in front of him.

BILLY

Two weeks.

(cont'd)

44. (cont) 44.

ARCHY

Two weeks!

BILLY

Unless your game enough to cross the Lake.

ARCHY looks at FRANK. BILLY chokes out a laugh.

45. EXT. SHED DESERT. DAY. 45.

FRANK and ARCHY emerge from the shed and stare toward the Lake. ARCHY makes a decision and sets off. FRANK hesitates, unsure, looking back to the shed. BILLY joins FRANK, tossing him a waterbag. He still chuckles at the crazy idea of the crossing.

FRANK looks distinctly uneasy, sets off after ARCHY. BILLY shouts after them.

BILLY (shouting)

You'll never make it!

THE CAMERA PANS AROUND and CRANES UP to show the burning salt lake and the two boys setting out to cross it. BILLY shouts again.

BILLY (V/O)

There's nine'y mile of that!

The TWO FIGURES, ARCHY well ahead, grow smaller as they enter the vast featureless landscape.

46. EXT. SALT LAKE. DAY. 46.

FRANK and ARCHY walk through the landscape. FRANK still very uneasy.

FRANK

You're mad. (PAUSE) We should've waited.

ARCHY It's quicker this way. (cont)

FRANK

That's what Burke and Wills thought. (PAUSE)
How do you know we're not going 'round in circles?

ARCHY

The sun.

FRANK squints up then looks back to ARCHY who studies his watch in relation to the position of the sun.

They trudge on.

FRANK

What if we run out of water?

ARCHY

There's always water if you know how to find it.

FRANK

How do you find it?

ARCHY

Cockatoos. At sunset they lead you straight to it.

FRANK (looking about for birds)

That's lovely. We put our lives in the hands of a flock of galahs!

47. EXT CAMPFIRE. DESERT. NIGHT. 47.

FRANK and ARCHY sit shivering in the vast empty desert.

ARCHY

Can you ride Frank?

FRANK (defensively)

Yes. Why?

ARCHY

Just wondered why you didn't try for the Light Horse.

FRANK

I didn't want to.

ARCHY

What're you going to join? The infantry?

FRANK

I'm not going to join anything.

ARCHY is surprised, even a little shocked.

ARCHY

You've got to be in it.

FRANK (irritated)

I don't have to be in anything I don't want to be, mate. This is a free country, or haven't you heard.

ARCHY

I'd be ashamed of myself if I didn't fight.

FRANK

That only proves one thing.

ARCHY

What?

(cont)

47. (cont) 47.

FRANK

That you and I are different. Let's leave it at that.

FRANK pulls a blanket over himself and goes to sleep. ARCHY looks at him, frowning.

48. EXT. SALT LAKE. DAY. 48.

The BOYS walk silently, both now showing the effects of their long walk in the sun. ARCHY suddenly turns to FRANK.

ARCHY

You of all people should be going.

FRANK (sighs)

Why me of all people?

ARCHY

Because you're an athlete.

FRANK

What's that got to do with it?

ARCHY

I've got mates who'd be lucky to run the hundred in twelve and they're going to do their bit, so why shouldn't you?

FRANK (irritated)

Because it's not our bloody war!

ARCHY

What do you mean - not our war!

(cont)

48. (cont) 48.

FRANK

It's an English war - nothing to do with us.

ARCHY stops

ARCHY

You know what you are? You're a bloody coward.

FRANK (stiffens)

There's only one reason why I haven't knocked you down mate.

ARCHY

What?

FRANK

Because I don't feel like carrying you to the next waterhole. Now don't open your mouth about the bloody war again!

48A. EXT. SALT LAKE. LATER THE SAME DAY. 48A.

The sky has closed over with a film of white cloud which totally obscures the sun. Sky and land are joined together in a blinding white light. ARCHY looks above for some indication of the sun's position. FRANK stares at him.

FRANK

Where's your sun now?

48B. EXT. SALT LAKE. DAY. HELICOPTER SHOT. 48B.

Floating high above the BOYS we see that they are walking in a wide circle.

49. EXT. SALT LAKE. DAY. 49.

The BOYS trudge silently on through the heat. ARCHY suddenly stops, taking an eyeline to the horizon. He's too exhausted to speak. FRANK too looks towards the horizon.

50. EXT. SALT LAKE DAY. THEIR POV 50.

A LONE FIGURE on a camel shimemrs in the heat haze.

51. EXT. SALT LAKE. DAY. 51.

The old wizened camel driver, STUMPY, of inderterminate age watches the BOYS as they drink greedily from his water bag.

STUMPY (shaking his head)
This'd have to be your lucky day.

ARCHY
We were told there was a property due south.

STUMPY
Yeah, old Lionel's place. Y've got about ten mile to go. He'll probably give you a ride to Wollamby. Where you headed?

ARCHY
Perth.

STUMPY
I nearly went there once. Thought I should see one big city before I die. Lookin' for work?

ARCHY (looking at Frank)
No. I'm off to the war.

STUMPY
What war?

The BOYS stare at him

ARCHY
The war against Germany.

STUMPY
I knew a German once. How'd it start?

FRANK (wearily)
Don't get him onto that.

ARCHY
Well - I don't know exactly how it started, but it was the German's fault.

(cont)

51. (CONT.) 51.

STUMPY

Are the Australians fightin' already?

FRANK

Yeah, in Turkey.

STUMPY

Turkey. Why's that?

FRANK

Don't ask me.

ARCHY (tersely)

Because Turkey's a German ally.

STUMPY

Well y'learn somethin' every day. Still can't say I can see what it's got to do with us.

FRANK's look indicates he agrees.

ARCHY

If we don't stop 'em there, they could end up here.

STUMPY looks around him at the vast desolate countryside.

STUMPY

And they'd be welcome to it.

FRANK tries to suppress a grin.

51A. EXT. EDGE OF SALT LAKE. DAY. 51A.

The TWO BOYS run the last hundred yards or so out of the Salt Lake to the welcome green of the plains. They leap about congratulating each other on having made it.

52. HILLSIDE. LATE AFTERNOON. 52.

FRANK and ARCHY climb a gently sloping hill. Behind them the sun is close to setting. They suddenly slow down and stop, taking an eyeline a little further up the hill. A GIRL on horseback, MARY, sits watching them. She stares at the strange sight of the mud and salt encrusted travellers. ARCHY and FRANK grin sheepishly.

(cont'd)

52. (CONT.) 52.

ARCHY

Gidday!

53. INT. BUNKROOM. EVENING. 53.

FRANK, who has assembled the most impressive outfit he can manage from his rucksack, stands on a chair to get a better look at himself in a fragment of mirror and combs his hair. ARCHY walks into the room also looking unexpectedly dapper. They look at each other, realise that they've both dressed up to impress young Mary, point a finger at each other accusingly. The tension of the last few days thaws as they burst out laughing.

54. INT. DINING ROOM. NIGHT. 54.

FRANK and ARCHY stand in an awkward little group by the fireplace. Included are LIONEL and his wife LAURA, and a Granny, HANNAH, who is seated in a chair knitting.

MARY, the youngest daughter in the family, is setting the table.

LAURA

I think you were very brave to set off without a compass.

FRANK

Not really. All you need is your watch and the sun and you can find your way anywhere.

CLOSE ON ARCHY, incredulous.

LAURA

And why are you boys going to Perth?

ARCHY

I'm going to join the Light Horse.

HANNAH (without looking up)

Good!

The BOYS turn briefly toward GRAN.

LAURA

You too Frank?

FRANK

Er...no. I've got some business interests to attend to.

(cont'd)

54. (cont) 54.

HANNAH (stares hard at FRANK)

Huh! While the Germans crucify kittens on church doors in Belgium!

LIONEL (irritated by this old line)

Yes, yes, Gran. We know that.

MARY exits the room during the embarrassed silence that follows HANNAH's outburst.

54A. INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT. 54A.

MARY passes the MAID who carries a tray containing glasses of sherry. MARY,anxious to get back into the room, takes the tray from her.

LAURA (V/O)

I love the Light Horse uniform.

54B. INT. DINING ROOM. NIGHT. 54B

MARY moves to the group and they take their sherry.

MARY (to ARCHY)

Most of the boys around here joined the Light Horse.

LIONEL

And if I'd had a son, that's what he would've joined too. Let's drink a toast to our brave young friend.

The family raise their glasses. FRANK does so reluctantly.

LIONEL

The Light Horse.

(cont)

54B. (cont) 54B.

ALL

The Light Horse.

MARY smiles a special smile to ARCHY. FRANK looks distinctly piqued to be suddenly and obviously left out of the limelight.

55. INT. BUNKHOUSE. NIGHT. 55.

ARCHY and FRANK lie in their respective bunks in the moonlight.

ARCHY

Business interests?

FRANK

Yeah. Business interests.

ARCHY

You told me you were broke.

FRANK

I am - thanks to you.

ARCHY

What were you going to do with the money, if you won?

FRANK

Start a bike shop. (PAUSE) They only take toffs and farmer's sons in the Light Horse, don't they?

ARCHY

You thinking of joining?

FRANK

There's no way you'd get me near the infantry. But the Light Horse has got a bit of class.

(cont)

55. (cont) 55.

ARCHY (excited)

We could join up together!

FRANK

Only one problem mate.

ARCHY

What?

FRANK

You know I told you I could ride.

56. EXT. STOCKYARD. DAY. 56.

A horse rears up wildly in CLOSE SHOT. WIDEN to show a nervous looking FRANK standing by the horse holding the reins. The horse is nearly jerking them out of his hands. ARCHY stands near FRANK coaching him. MARY stands watching. She can't help grinning.

ARCHY

Pull. Pull hard. If they sense you're scared, they'll take advantage of you.

FRANK

Who's scared?

FRANK's anxiety however, is obvious.

56AA. EXT. PADDOCK NR. HOMESTEAD. DAY. (MONTAGE) 56AA

FRANK puts a brave face on his first ride, but the horse has come to a trot and FRANK bounces up and down.

VARIOUS SHOTS of FRANK, ARCHY & MARY galloping about the paddocks.

56A. EXT. CENTRAL STATION PERTH. DAY. 56A.

A train pulls into the station amidst clouds of steam. HUNDREDS of PEOPLE exit train, amongst them a dusty and travel weary FRANK and ARCHY.

56B. EXT. DOCKSIDE STREET. PERTH. LATE P.M. 56B.

ARCHY and FRANK move through a street, crowded mostly with YOUNG CHILDREN playing at various games, also the occasional 'LAIRS' lounging on street corners. Several of the CROWD call out to FRANK who is obviously quite an identity in the area.

FRANK,now back in his own domain, swaggers proudly down the centre of the road and it is ARCHY who now feels a little out of it.

57. EXT. DOCKSIDE COTTAGE. DUSK. 57.

FRANK and ARCHY approach a humble dockside cottage near the waterfront in Fremantle, Perth. FRANK knocks on the door.

58. INT. DOCKSIDE COTTAGE. DUSK. 58.

FRANK, still wearing a jaunty bushman's hat, is embraced by his mother, MAUREEN, dressed in a dressing gown, while his FIVE YOUNG BROTHERS and THREE SISTERS dance round excitedly. His father, DAN, a big raw Irishman, emerges from the bedroom and stands awkwardly in the background, wearing pyjama bottoms and singlet.

ARCHY stands behind FRANK looking slightly embarrassed and waiting to be introduced.

FRANK

This is my mate, Archy.

59/60 INT. COTTAGE. KITCHEN. NIGHT 59/60.

CLOSE ON blank birth certificate. FRANK fills it out very carefully. ARCHY sits nearby with a bottle of whisky.

FRANK

What name?

ARCHY

What do you mean?

FRANK

What d'you want to call yourself? You can't use your own name.

ARCHY considers for a moment.

ARCHY

Lasalles. Archy lasalles.

(cont)

60. INT. COTTAGE. NIGHT. 60.

Late in the night. ARCHY, a whisky bottle in his hand, slumps off to sleep as FRANK clips some of his hair off with scissors. FRANK shakes him awake.

FRANK

Drink some more.

ARCHY (very drunk)

Do I have to?

FRANK

By the time I've finished with you, you'll look the other side of forty.

FRANK pastes glue over ARCHY's chin, cuts the hair into tiny pieces and dabs the fake whiskers over ARCHY's face. He stands back to survey his handiwork and nods with satisfaction. FRANK's father DAN enters.

FRANK

How's he look Dad?

DAN (frowns)

Fine but why the hell are you joining up? The English murdered your own Grandfather. Hung him with his own belt.....

FRANK (completing the story)

...at the crossroads, five miles from Dublin. Look Dad, I'm not going over there to fight for the British Empire. I'm going to keep m'head down, learn a trick or two and come back an officer. I don't want to be pushed around for the rest of m'bloody life!

61. EXT. OVAL. DAY. 61.

A queue of MEN lines up at a Light Horse recruiting depot in Perth. ARCHY heads the queue. FRANK stands behind him. The OFFICER in charge studies ARCHY's birth certificate and we go CLOSE on ARCHY as he sweats it out. The OFFICER is a tough laconic man called BARTON. His rank is Major.

(cont'd)

61. Cont'd 61.

BARTON

Lasalles. Any relation to Harry Lasalles the famous runner?

ARCHY

No sir.

BARTON (eyeing him closely)

Okay Lasalles. Off to see the Doc. Next.

FRANK moves up to face MAJOR BARTON. BARTON studies the form FRANK has filled in.

BARTON

Any previous military experience Dunne?

FRANK

Yes sir. Five years in the Melbourne Horse Cadets.

BARTON

Never heard of them.

FRANK

No sir. They've never had as much recognition as they deserve.

BARTON looks at him suspiciously as he stamps the form.

62. EXT. RIDING TEST AREA. DAY. 62.

ARCHY brings the horse back. He's obviously completed the test with ease. The officer in charge, LIEUTENANT GRAY, a rather acid and pompous junior officer nods.

GRAY

Okay Lasalles. You're in. Report to the D.O. Dunne. Mount up.

(cont'd)

62. Cont'd 62.

FRANK moves towards the horse. ARCHY signals last minute instructions to him.

ARCHY

Firm. Hold the reins firm.

FRANK moves towards the horse with a look of determination on his face, repeating to himself the catch phrase. 'Firm. Hold the reins firm.' He reaches for the horse and grabs the reins purposefully. The horse, far from reacting friskily, is immoveably stolid. FRANK is relieved.

FRANK (sotto voce)

G'day there pal. I'm your Uncle Frank. Tough but fair, so no bloody nonsense.

GRAY

Hurry up Dunne or the war'll be over.

FRANK mounts the horse with a reasonable degree of competence. He digs his heels into the flank but the horse doesn't move. He does it again, but the horse has apparently judged him to be not up to standard and remains fixed to the spot. FRANK tries a third time but the horse continues to humiliate him. GRAY looks heavenward in exasperation. FRANK tries to salvage some of his dignity by dismounting deliberately and walking away with his head held high. ARCHY watches helplessly.

63. INT. DOCKSIDE PUB. LATE AFTERNOON. 63.

ARCHY sits in a pub by the dockside. Other LIGHTHORSEMEN line the bar prior to their imminent embarkation. The pub's normal clientele rub shoulders with them. FRANK stands with his back to ARCHY, throwing darts at a dartboard.

ARCHY

You could still try the infantry.

A FRIEND of Frank's approaches FRANK.

(cont'd)

63. (cont) 63.

FRANK half turns to ARCHY

FRANK

No thanks.

LIEUTENANT GRAY appears in the doorway.

GRAY

All right. You blokes in the tenth reinforcements - you know you're not supposed to be in here. Out now! And that means you Lasalles.

ARCHY

See you when I see you.

FRANK turns away from his darts to face ARCHY.

FRANK

Not if I see you first.

ARCHY looks around the pub, now empty of Lighthorsemen. He nods his head as if to say 'Yeah, this is your environment. You'll be quite cosy here.', nods at FRANK and leaves. FRANK plays on for a few seconds then stops and goes to the window.

64. EXT. STREET. FRANK's P.O.V. LATE AFTERNOON. 64.

ARCHY disappears into the crowd of LIGHTHORSEMEN who are in the process of mounting up under the supervision of LIEUTENANT GRAY who stands to one side with MAJOR BARTON.

The column of LIGHTHORSEMEN then moves slowly across the square towards the distant wharf.

HUNDREDS OF MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN cheer and wave flags, and in some cases run beside the HORSEMEN who look magnificent as they ride lit by the last rays of the sun.

65. EXT. WHARF. NIGHT. 65.

ARCHY moves past MAJOR BARTON who, holding his four-year-old SON by the hand, is saying his last farewells to his WIFE. In the background the troop carrier is being loaded with stores and horses, the latter being hoisted aboard by means of slings.

YOUNG LIGHTHORSEMEN are walking up gangplanks. BARTON's WIFE, ANNE, has brought a large basket of things for him to take away. He ushers her further towards the ship in order to get away from the CROWD hustling past.

ANNE (showing him the contents)

There's four pairs of socks, plenty of singlets and Eno's for your stomach...

An officious looking POLICEMAN bars the way.

POLICEMAN

No civilians past this point sir.

BARTON

That so.

He ushers ANNE pointedly past the POLICEMAN.

ANNE

..... And this.

BARTON

Champgane!

ANNE

To drink on our anniversary.

A tear forms in ANNE's eye.

ANNE

Please come home.

BARTON nods, kisses her and goes.

65A. EXT. DOCK. LATER SAME NIGHT. 65A.

A PIPE BAND launches into a rousing piece as the ship pulls slowly away from the docks. Thousands of streamers draw taut and then snap, as the ship bellows its farewell.

Amongst the cheering, waving and tearful CROWD we notice the still face of FRANK DUNNE.

65B. EXT. FRANK's HOUSE. NIGHT. 65B.

FRANK walks slowly down the street when from the shadows near his house his old fettler mates, SNOWY, BARNEY and BILLY materialise.

FRANK

What's going on?

SNOWY

It's our last night.

BILLY

If you're not going to fight, you can at least buy us a drink!

66. INT. RECRUITING HALL. DAY. 66.

DOZENS OF YOUNG MEN in various stages of the recruiting process. Some are being kitted out in uniforms. OTHERS receive innoculation jabs, and in one corner a very hung over group of almost ex-fettlers wait their turn for the medical examination.

AN ARMY DOCTOR peers into FRANKs mouth and nods. In the background BILLY is having his chest measured. SNOWY steps up to the DOCTOR and opens his mouth for the routine inspection of teeth.

DOCTOR (to SNOWY)

Your teeth aren't all that good.

FRANK

We're supposed to shoot the enemy mate,not bite 'em.
(cont)

66. (cont) 66.

DOCTOR

His teeth have got to be up to scratch.

FRANK

If you don't pass him, you've lost the four of us.

WIDEN to show BARNEY and BILLY nodding in agreement.

67. INT. ANOTHER PART OF THE RECRUITING HALL. DAY. 67.

SERGEANT SAYERS drills the new INFANTRY RECRUITS. They are a motley lot and their ill-fitting uniforms contrast with the smarter Light Horse uniforms we have already seen.

BARNEY is having a hard time of it. His co-ordination just isn't up to it and he's consistently a half beat behind the others. SAYERS eyes him narrowly.

FRANK, BILLY and SNOWY exchange glances. Finally SAYERS can't stand it any longer. He brings the section to a halt.

SAYERS

Private Wilson. Five paces forward.

BARNEY takes five paces forward.

SAYERS

Private Wilson. I have watched your attempts to drill with utter disbelief. Are you deaf, stupid, totally unco-ordinated or what?

(cont)

67. Cont'd 67.

FRANK, who is feeling hungry, pulls a pie out of his pocket, peels back the wrapping and takes a bite.

FRANK (mouth full)

Takes a while for the message to get from his brain to his feet.

SAYERS turns to FRANK and sees him eating. He can hardly believe his eyes.

SAYERS

Private Dunne. Present arms!

FRANK frowns.

FRANK

Righto. Hang onto this.

He hands SAYERS the pie, picks up his rifle and presents arms. SAYERS is dumbfounded.

68. EXT. DESERT. EARLY MORNING. 68.

Egypt's pyramids are seen in the early morning light across an expanse of desert. Two or three ARAB ONLOOKERS walk into shot and stare at something out of shot with looks of intense interest. A whistle blasts and a NEW ANGLE shows a football being bounced as a game of Australian rules football commences. The silence is further broken as the PLAYERS call to each other for passes. The ARABS look at each other in amazement at the bizarre spectacle. In the background TROOPS move out from an encampment of tents and ARAB VENDORS try to sell them eggs, oranges and other wares as they pass.

69. EXT. PARADE GROUND. DAY. 69.

LIEUTENANT SAYERS addresses his company amongst whom we see the familiar faces of FRANK, BILLY, SNOWY and BARNEY. The MEN are looking very spruce.

(cont'd)

69. (cont) 69.

SAYERS

All right men. You are shortly to be let loose on the local inhabitants who you'll be surprised to find don't look at all like you, a fact of which they are no doubt eternally grateful. Beware of the local eggs, which are distinguished only by their antiquity, the local liquor which is poisonous and for those of you contemplating some horizontal refreshment....

There is a roar of approval from the MEN, BARNEY nudges FRANK and BILLY eagerly.

SAYERS (cont'd)

... just be warned, because those proverbial few moments of pleasure are very likely to leave you with a legacy that is painful, difficult to cure and may get you sent home to face embarrassing questions from girlfriend or wife. However I know nothing I say is going to discourage some of you, so I'll hand you over to Doc Morgan who'll tell you how to minimise the risk.

The MEN cheer and whistle as a rather harrassed little DOCTOR moves forward with a blackboard.

70. EXT. CAIRO STREET. DAY. 70.

FRANK, BILLY, SNOWY and BARNEY walk down a crowded Egyptian street, filled with bootblacks, hawkers, stalls, children, dogs, donkeys and noise. The colours, shapes, smells and sounds are totally exotic to the Australian LADS and we can tell they're a little overwhelmed, even FRANK.

70A. EXT. NATIVE BAZAAR. CAIRO. DAY. 70A.

FRANK, BILLY, SNOWY and BARNEY stride into a native bazaar with an air of great authority, carrying stout walking sticks which they use to ward off the crowd of HAWKERS who immediatelu surround them touting their wares.

(cont)

70A. (cont) 70A.

('Oringies - two for a half', 'Eggs a cook', etc.,)

FRANK threads his way through the HAWKERS and BOOTBLACKS towards the donkey BOYS who hire out donkeys for rides, and begins bargaining with them.

BILLY's attention is suddenly grabbed by a group of LANCASHIRE TERRITORIALS strolling towards them. He nudges SNOWY and BARNEY.

FRANK has haggled the price of a donkey ride down from four piastres to two and turns towards BILLY to tell him, but BILLY points to the approaching ENGLISHMEN, and FRANK walks back to join his mates.

The TWO GROUPS stare at each other as if they'd each seen an interesting news species of animal in a zoo.

THE LANCASHIREMEN tend to be small and rosy-cheeked, and the contrast between them and the bigger, bulkier Australians is marked.

LANCASHIRE SOLDIER

Ave ye got a fahg choom?

FRANK turns to BILLY with an apparently earnest frown.

BILLY

Ask them if they speak English.

LANCASHIRE SOLDIER 2

Missin' the Kangardos then are ye?

BARNEY

Nah, they can look after themselves - it's me Emu I'm worried about.

A particularly naive LANCASHIREMAN is taken in.

LANCASHIRE SOLDIER 3

You keep 'em as pets then?

The AUSTRALIANS snigger and the LANCASHIREMAN is berated by his mates for his gullibility. (cont)

70A. (cont) 70A.

LANCASHIRE SOLDIER 1

Well 'ave ye got a fahg then?

FRANK (grinning)

I reckon we might manage that.

He takes out a packet of cigarettes and is handing them around to the LANCASHIREMEN when TWO YOUNG ENGLISH OFFICERS, Etononians to the core, approach.

The LANCASHIREMEN stand quickly to attention and salute the OFFICERS punctiliously.

The OFFICERS are about to salute in reply when they notice the AUSTRALIANS, and because the AUSTRALIANS are expected to salute the OFFICERS of any allied nation, they stand there waiting for them to do so.

SNOWY senses this pressure to salute and raises his arm but FRANK kicks him in the shin.

The ENGLISH OFFICERS are very annoyed and we sense that they are tempted to make a point of it, but there's something about the unyielding glint in the AUSTRALIANS' eyes that dissuades them from doing so. They snap a salute back to the LANCASHIREMEN and walk on into the heart of the bazaar.

FRANK glances at the others with a mischievious look on his face and indicates to them that they should follow the TWO OFFICERS.

He races back to the donkey BOYS and pays them some money.

70B. EXT. CENTRAL SQUARE OF BAZAAR. DAY. 70B.

FRANK and SNOWY, BILLY, BARNEY each lead a donkey into the central square of the bazaar.

The TWO ENGLISH OFFICERS stroll on ahead of them, unaware that they're being followed. One of the OFFICERS turns to the other and speaks to him in clipped Etonian accents that can be clearly heard by the AUSTRALIANS.

(cont)

70B. (cont) 70B.

OFFICER (looking at watch)

We've got about twenty minutes. As I see it we can either go on and take a look at the mosque, or alternatively turn back and meet Dickie and the other chaps at Shepheards.

FRANK dips into his pocket and finds a pen ny which he places in his eye as a surrogate monacle, then turns and addresses the others in a loud Etonian accent.

FRANK

All right chaps! Mount up and prepare to charge!

The ENGLISH OFFICERS turn and frown as the AUSTRALIANS clamber aboard the donkeys. FRANK turns to BILLY.

FRANK (cont)

Fine looking steed you have there Carruthers!

BILLY

Thank you sah!

ENGLISH OFFICER

You Australians are crude, undisciplined and the most ill-mannered soldiers I've ever encountered.

FRANK

Wait till you see the New Zealanders.

He resumes his Etonian accent.

Right troop. Give the bounders hell.

The AUSTRALIANS spur their donkeys straight into the middle of the bazaar, chased by their wailing OWNERS and create utter pandemonium as they upend tables and knock over stalls.

71. EXT. CAIRO. DAY. 71.

OPEN on a shot of some lurid postcards. WIDEN to show them being held by FRANK. SNOWY and BILLY cluster around. SNOWY is aghast.

(cont)

71. Cont'd 71.

SNOWY

How could they do it Frank?

FRANK (winking at Billy)

Life is cheap here Snow and the women have no respect for themselves. It's the same in most foreign places.

BARNEY comes hurrying back to them carrying a large Hookah pipe.

BARNEY

How about this fellas. Over a thousand years old.

BILLY

How much did you pay for it?

BARNEY

I beat him down to two quid.

The BOYS look at each other. BILLY produces an identical Hookah he's been carrying.

BARNEY

Bastard. How much did you pay for yours?

BILLY

Five bob.

SNOWY

What'd I tell you Frank. These Gypos are a pack of thieves.

72. EXT. SHOP. DAY. 72.

The BOYS looking resolute and determined, approach a row of dingy little shops.

BARNEY

That one I think!

(cont'd)

72. Cont'd 72.

The BOYS nod and make for it.

73. INT. SHOP. DAY. 73.

The BOYS march into the shop. The PROPRIETOR, a middle sized middle aged Egyptian looks up and frowns. BILLY, being the most reasonable of them, has been chosen to make the initial approach. FRANK takes the part of the strong silent 'enforcer' in the background.

SHOPKEEPER (broken English)
Yes gentlemen.

BILLY
Sir. We Australians come to your country as guests. (The shopkeeper nods and smiles) You are an old civilisation, we are a new.....

SNOWY
Cut the geography lesson and tell him to cough up.

BILLY
Snow we're not just soldiers we're diplomats for our country.....

SNOWY (to the shopkeeper)
Give me mate back his money or I'll flatten you.

FRANK (cautioning)
Snow.

SNOWY
They're bloody thieves.

(cont'd)

BILLY (patiently to Snowy)

They've got a different way of seeing things here. (To the shopkeeper) You see, our problem is that I bought this (he shows the Hookah) at another shop and paid five shillings, but my friend Mr. Wilson, bought this, which you can see is the same, for two pounds, which in my country would be seen as pretty unfair, so we were wondering if you would mind taking his back and giving us the two pounds.

The SHOPKEEPER's smile fades.

SHOPKEEPER

No. No. This is not mine. This yours.

SNOWY

Listen mate. If you tried to pull somethin' like this where I come from you'd last as long as a snowflake in summer. Now give us the cash!

SHOPKEEPER

No, no. This is not mine.

SNOWY

I am going to get really bloody mad.....

FRANK (tone of command)

Snow! (To the shopkeeper) I can understand how you feel mate. A sale is a sale.....

He leans against a shelf, apparently by accident. The shelf comes tumbling down and pots and pans crash to the floor. The SHOPKEEPER rushes to pick them up.

FRANK

Oh gawd. Look at that. What I was trying to say, is that while a bargain is a bargain.....

(cont'd)

73. (cont) 73.

The next shelf he leans against collapses. The SHOPKEEPER gets agitated and alarmed, and fumbles open a cash box, grabs a fistful of notes and throws them at the boys.

SHOPKEEPER

You go! You go now; Take money and go.

74. EXT. CAIRO. DAY. 74.

The BOYS leave the shop jubilant. Justice has been done. They congratulate each other. Suddenly BARNEY stops.

BARNEY

Hey fellas. That wasn't the shop. This is it here!

The BOYS look absolutely dumbfounded.

75. EXT. ALLEY WAY. HARET EL WASSER. NIGHT. 75.

FRANK, BILLY, SNOWY and BARNEY walk towards the Haret el Wasser, the red-light district of Cairo. They start to pass doorways where naked and exotically dressed WOMEN, some of them stunningly beautiful, invite them in. SNOWY is indignant wide-eyed and aghast.

SNOWY

I can't believe it Frank. I just can't believe it.

BILLY stops in front of a house with two particularly attractive WOMEN standing outside.

(cont)

BILLY

I er wonder if it would be too much trouble to ask er how much.

PROSTITUTE

Twenty piastre.

SNOWY

Billy, cut it out.

BILLY

Snow, this is wartime. In a month we might be dead.

SNOWY

They're common Billy. They're cheap.

BILLY

Relatively.

BARNEY

This beats antiques. I'm going in.

FRANK

You wait here Snow. We won't be long.

SNOWY

You know what? I'm disgusted. What're you going to say to your wives on your wedding night?

FRANK

Snow. If you want to impress a thoroughbred then learn how to ride on a nag.

BARNEY (impatient)

Come on fellas. Let's go.

He does. BILLY and FRANK follow him with whoops of delight. SNOW, true to his beliefs stands there stolidly, looking disgusted.

76. EXT. ARMY CAMP. EARLY MORNING. 76.

LIEUTENANT SAYERS addresses his COMPANY who are in full battle kit. We see CLOSE shots of FRANK and the LADS during the address.

SAYERS

The exercise this morning will involve a frontal assault on an 'enemy' trench. The enemy will be some gentlemen from the third light horse.

The COMPANY erupts into boos and jeers.

SAYERS

Now these gentlemen, presumably because their arses are usually higher from the ground than ours, tend to assume airs of superiority.

The COMPANY yells derogatory comments about the 'Toffs', horses, etc.

SAYERS

But they won't have their horses with them today, so I want you to get out there this morning, and short of actually killing them, I want you to show 'em the stuff that the infantry's made of!

The speech, similar in tone and intention to the pre-match address of a sports coach, rouses the MEN to fever pitch. Cries of 'Up the infantry.' 'We will kill the bastards.' 'Let's get'em.', etc., mingle with the cheers.

77. EXT. DESERT. DAY. 77.

A group of LIGHT HORSE OFFICERS, MAJOR BARTON, included, watch the exercise. The senior officer is COLONEL ROBINSON, a stiff, rather formal man. BARTON raises his field glasses and we see -

78. EXT. BARTON'S P.O.V. DAY. 78.

A trench system has been dug on a slight ridge. The LIGHT HORSEMEN take up their positions in the trench. Some hundreds of yards away, the INFANTRYMEN make ready to attack.

79. INT/EXT. LIGHT HORSE TRENCH. DESERT. DAY. 79.

LIEUTENANT GRAY struts along the rear paprapet of the trench bellowing at his men.

GRAY

Here they come. Keep calm and keep steady. Shots fired in panic are as good as wasted.

CLOSE on a group of LIGHTHORSEMEN. One of them is ARCHY. He squints along the sights of his rifle and we see from his P.O.V. -

80. EXT. DESERT. ARCHY'S P.O.V. DAY. 80.

The INFANTRYMEN swarm up the ridge emitting bloodcurdling cries. CLOSE on FRANK loping up the hill with a bored expression on his face. CLOSE on SNOWY who has his face set in a ferocious frown.

81. INT/EXT. TRENCH. DESERT. DAY. 81.

INFANTRY OFFICERS, including SAYERS, and LIGHT HORSE OFFICERS, including GRAY, have been assigned the task of adjudicators to designate the casualties. Some of the ATTACKERS are designated killed or wounded before they reach the trenches.
Most make it and clamber in where the hand to hand combat becomes very willing indeed, as the two rival branches try to assert their supremacy. The adjudicators struggle to keep up with who has killed who. CLOSE on FRANK who jumps into the trench and makes to 'bayonet' his opposite number only to discover it's ARCHY.
They lay down their rifles, slap each others backs and laugh delightedly. LIEUTENANT GRAY strides along the top of the trench adjudicating.

(cont'd)

81. (cont) 81.

GRAY

You're dead, you're dead, you're wounded, and you're dead.

Suddenly, he sees FRANK and ARCHY exchanging animated news in an obviously friendly fashion. He frowns and points to FRANK.

GRAY

What do you two think you're doing?

FRANK

We're mates, sir.

GRAY

This is supposed to be warfare. You're dead.

FRANK

Who shot me sir?

GRAY'

I shot you.

FRANK

You can't sir, you're an umpire.

GRAY (furious)

You're dead, and that's an order!

FRANK looks at ARCHY, shrugs and 'drops dead'

GRAY

Right! Survivors! Dress wounded and carry them back to the aid post.

The thought of carrying someone hundreds of yards in the blazing heat, doesn't appeal to the SURVIVORS and they start dropping to the ground like flies. FRANK, from his prone position, urges ARCHY to join them.

ARCHY grins and flops down beside FRANK.

The adjudicators are furious and argue with the prone casualties over whether or not they are 'genuine' ones.

(cont)

81. Cont'd 81.

ARCHY and FRANK look at each other and laugh in sheer delight as the whole exercise degenerates into a shambles.

82. EXT. DESERT. DAY. 82.

COLONEL ROBINSON puts down his field glasses and looks grim-facedly across at BARTON. He sighs deeply.

83. EXT. DESERT NEAR PYRAMIDS. DUSK. 83.

The pyramids loom above FRANK and ARCHY, as arms about each other's shoulders, they stagger back to camp from an obviously drunken reunion.

ARCHY

Your main problem is the way you start.

FRANK

You're wrong Arch.

ARCHY

Crouching down makes all the difference. Harry Lasalles proved that.

FRANK

Archy, you're wrong. If you crouch down you've got further to go to get up.

ARCHY leans down and scratches out foot grips in the sand. FRANK watches sceptically.

ARCHY

Try it.

FRANK sighs, scratches out foot grips similar to ARCHY's.

ARCHY

First to the pyramid.

(cont'd)

83. Cont'd 83.

They get ready, tense up.

ARCHY

Go!

84. EXT. DESERT. THE RACE. DUSK. 84.

The BOYS speed towards the pyramid. They run neck and neck and reach it simultaneously. They collapse, dripping with sweat.

FRANK

You know what? We're both mad.

He begins laughing, the laughter gradually getting out of control. He rolls about clutching his stomach. ARCHY becomes infected with the craziness, until he too is rolling about in the dust with tears streaming down his face. FRANK sits up, offers his hand to ARCHY, and they shake.

84A. EXT. CHEOPS PYRAMID. DUSK. 84A.

ARCHY and FRANK climb the Great Pyramid. FRANK nearly slips off at one moment, but manages to regain his footing.

84B. EXT. TOP OF THE PYRAMID. DUSK/NIGHT. 84B.

Beside a row of French names carved during Napoleon's occupation of Egypt, we find FRANK and ARCHY busily engaged in committing their own names to immortality. They scratch away at the ancient stone with the tips of their bayonets. Behind them the sun has gone and they are now two dark silhouettes against the blue glow of early evening.

84C. CLOSE ON STONE. 84C.

Which reads: -

"FRANK & ARCHY
A.I.F. 1915'

85. INT. LIGHT HORSE HEADQUARTERS. DAY. 85.

FRANK and ARCHY stand in front of MAJOR BARTON. He considers something that FRANK has been saying with a frown. In the background the sounds of an operatic aria drift from BARTON's gramophone.

BARTON

No! If you were brothers, maybe.

He gets up and crosses to the gramophone and switches it off.

ARCHY

But sir!

BARTON

No.

ARCHY

Sir, we're not taking horses. He doesn't have to ride at all.

BARTON

Your own blokes are going across very soon Dunne. Why do you want to transfer?

FRANK

Archy and I are mates.

BARTON

That's not good enough.

(cont)

85. (cont)

BARTON (interested)

Are you runners?

BOTH

Yes sir.

BARTON

Sprinters?

ARCHY looks a little worried at this line of attack, but can't catch FRANK's eye.

FRANK

Yes sir.

BARTON

What's your best time for the hundred?

FRANK

We both run under ten.

BARTON (whistles)

Well, that's a coincidence. Young Lasalles runs under ten.

FRANK suddenly realises he's been treading dangerous ground and stops. BARTON sirveys them thoughtfully.

BARTON

A fast pair of legs in a troop is never a drawback. I'll see what I can do.

FRANK and ARCHY exchange delighted glances.

86. EXT. CAMP. DAY.

FRANK strides back through the infantry camp in his new Light Horse uniform. He's obviously very proud of it. Particularly the stylish hat with a feather in it. He stops to look at his reflection in a shaving mirror hung on a tent pole.

87. EXT. CAMP. DAY. 87.

FRANK shows his new uniform off to BILLY, BARNEY and SNOWY. He senses they're not too impressed. SNOWY in particular has a deep frown on his face.

FRANK

Well what d'you think?

BARNEY

It's okay.

FRANK

Look what's the matter with you blokes?

SNOWY

Nothin"

FRANK

I've always wanted to join the Light Hprse.

SNOWY

Infantry not good enough?

FRANK (sourly)

If that's how you're going to be,then see you when I see you.

FRANK turns and stalks off.

BILLY

Come off the boil Snow - you know Frank.

BARNEY

Yeah - sell his grandmother for twopence and still talk his way into heaven.

(cont)

87. (cont) 87.

SNOW (quietly)

It's bad luck for mates to split up.

He turns and walks toward a tent watched by the others.

88. EXT. SHIP AT SEA. EVENING. 88.

The ship glides through a sulphurous mist.

89. EXT. DECK OF SHIP AT SEA. EVENING. 89.

CLOSE on FRANK and ARCHY. They peer into the mist looking for a glimpse of the coastline. The atmosphere is eerie and the silence overwhelming. Then, faintly, they hear the sound of distant gunfire.

FRANK looks at ARCHY and we sense it's almost a relief for them to hear sounds of battle.

Behind them the ship's searchlight occasionally throws them into silhouetts as it probes the mist.

A shrapnel shell bursts some distance from them, creating a sudden flash of white light accompanied by an eerie echoing blast.

SCENES 90 & 91 DELETED

92. EXT. SHIP. NIGHT. 92.

The TROOPERS go over the side of the transports into the whalers, which will take them to shore. MAJOR BARTON organises and directs the MEN calmly.

LIEUTENANT GRAY is more officious and agitated.

ARCHY and FRANK, in full combat kit, approach the ladder in the bustle. GRAY looks at FRANK closely and frowns.

GRAY

Aren't you infantry?

(cont)

92. (cont)

FRANK
Me sir? No sir. Horseman through and through.

GRAY looks puzzled but goes on to organise another GROUP.

93. EXT. SHIPSIDE. NIGHT.

The TROOPERS scramble down the ladders into the boats. There is a lot of muffled cursing as MEN step on the other MEN's fingers, but there is also an air of general excitement as they prepare to face action for the first time.

FRANK looks across at ARCHY, a little apprehensive at the fireworks and the noise.

ARCHY however is in a private world of his own. A world of action and adventure. His face positively glows.

93A. EXT. FLOTILLA OF SHIPS IN MIST. NIGHT.

The small FLOTILLA OF BOATS moves slowly through the mist. The sound of explosions, including a couple close to the boats rises in intensity joined now by the rattle of rifle and machine guns.

A BARGE LOAD OF WOUNDED appears out of the mist and glides silently past them, heading towards their troop ship.

CLOSE ON THE MEN as they peer intently into the mist for the first glimpse of ANZAC.

A TROOPER sitting forward of ARCHY and FRANK suddenly points

TROOPER (whispered)
There!

93B, EXT. GALLIPOLI - TROOPER'S P.O.V. NIGHT.

As the boat glides out of the mist to reveal the ancient and mysterious hills of GALLIPOLI which tower above them in the dark. The hillside is aglow with hundreds of tiny tumbling lights - the glow from candles in the hillside dugouts. It is as if a spectacular fireworks display is in progress as shells explode on the hill, rifle flashes twinkle in the dark, and flares and tracers light the sky. The sounds accompanting range from the crackle of rifle fire, to the whirring whistle and crump of shells and the lighter crump of shrapnel.

94. EXT. WHARF BEACH. NIGHT. 94.

The boat carrying BARTON, GRAY, FRANK and ARCHY comes ashore at Watson's Jetty. In the intermittent light of searchlight and shell flare, the TROOPERS coming ashore see WOUNDED MEN waiting to embark. Most of them are on stretchers.

FRANK is made quite apprehensive by the sight of these MEN, some of them quite badly wounded, but ARCHY, walking beside him scarcely seems to notice that they're there.

The reinforcements march along the beach and assemble near a blazing incinerator which throws a red glow across them all.

SCENE 95 DELETED
(NOW BECOMES SCENE 99A)

96. EXT. DUGOUT AREA. MORNING. 96.

ARCHY whistles to himself as he prepares the morning meal over a small fire. Rifle sounds crackle as always, but there is only the occasional crump of a far off shell and the whole atmosphere is almost idyllic. He looks out over the ocean.

97. EXT. OCEAN. ARCHY's P.O.V. MORNING. 97.

The beautiful blue Aegean Sea spreads out in the morning sunlight. Imbros and Samothrace can be seen on the horizon.

98. EXT. DUGOUT. MORNING. 98.

Something stirs within the dugout. FRANK pokes his bleary head through the curtains at the entrance. It's obvious he's not a good waker.

FRANK

The thing I can't stand about you mate, is that you're always so bloody cheerful. What's for breakfast?

(cont)

ARCHY & FRANK (together)
Ground biscuit porridge and fried bully beef.

FRANK
I couldn't look a bullock in the face after what I've said about him in a tin.

ARCHY
Well, if you'd got the bacon you'd promised to get....

FRANK
Arch, I can't work miracles.

ARCHY
Well you keep saying that there's bacon around.....

FRANK
There is, and J'll get some soon. It takes a while to learn the ropes.

A pause. ARCHY starts dishing out the breakfast. FRANK bolts it hungrily.

98A. INT. FIRE TRENCH. THE NEK. LATER THAT MORNING. 98A.

FRANK and ARCHY watch a SNIPER at work. The SNIPER's OBSERVER peers through a trench periscope towards the enemy lines.

OBSERVER
Here he comes.... that's it... nearly there.

The SNIPER himself is crouched in the bottom of the trench, holding his rifle, onehand on the sights.

OBSERVER (V/O)
75 yards, one o'clock. Go!

The SNIPER quickly adjusts his sights, spins around, leaps

(cont)

98A. (cont) 98A.

up to the sandbag rim of the trench, aims, fires, and drops back into the safety of the trench.

ARCHY and FRANK are both impressed.

ARCHY

Did you get him?

OBSERVER

Have a look for yourself.

He passes the periscope to ARCHY.

98B. ARCHY's P.O.V. THROUGH PERISCOPE TO ENEMY LINES. DAY. 98B.

At first we can see nothing but the paraphet of the enemy trench. Then suddenly a piece of tin with a crude target drawn on it is held aloft, followed shortly after by a long stick which points to a bullet hole on the inner circle of the target.

98C. EXT. FIRE TRENCH. DAY. 98C.

ARCHY turns in surprise to the Veterans who smile back at him. The OBSERVER picks up the Australians target and holds it aloft to the Turks.

SNIPER

New blokes are you?

98D. EXT. ANOTHER PART OF FIRE TRENCH. DAY. 98D.

The SNIPER shares a cup of tea with FRANK and ARCHY.

SNIPER

We did okay in the landing, but the Turks have had us pinned down ever since. You've been brought across to get ready for a big push.

(cont)

98D (cont) 98D.

ARCHY

Good. We've been here days and haven't even seen a Turk.

FRANK

I'm in no hurry.

99. EXT. ANZAC COVE. MORNING. 99.

FRANK and ARCHY dash down the hillside to go for a morning swim. At one point they come to a gully marked with a big skull and crossbones. ARCHY goes across it but FRANK pulls him back and points up towards the Turkish lines overlooking them. ,

FRANK

Snipers. Let's go the long way.

ARCHY nods and they double back and run down along a safer sandbagged track towards the blue waters of the cove.

MANY of the DEAD of both sides have been hastily buried in the trench works resulting in the occasional gruesome sight.

The black hand of a corpse protrudes from one such trench, and FRANK and ARCHY with a certain incomprehension witness the black humour of the trenches as the soldiers in front of them also heading for the beach, shake the hand of the corpse with friendly greetings

SOLDIER (shaking the hand)

How are y'mate.

99A. EXT. GALLIPOLI. MORNING. 99A.

A LONG SHOT of the peninsular by day, shows that its slopes and ridges are laced with a haphazard zig zag of trenches, some of them precariously balanced on the cliff edges. Straggling down to the sea are some of the tents and dugouts that house thirty thousand men. The occasional heavily sandbagged Battalion of Divisional Headquarters is seen.

100. EXT. BEACH. DAY. 100.

FRANK and ARCHY move down through the stores and equipment, past heaps of broken rifles and hats, some with neat round holes and the dark stain of dried blood clearly visible, past the bomb factory, where an ASSEMBLY LINE is converting jam tins into bombs and the stok of broken axes which serves as firewood. Suddenly, FRANK grabs ARCHY's arm. He points towards the prisoner's compound where a lone TURK stands bereft.

The BOYS move towards him, fascinated. The TURK turns out to be quite diminutive.

ARCHY

Doens't look too fearsome to me.

FRANK

He's themidget of the family.

ARCHY grins and the two BOYS run down to the water.

101. EXT. BEACH. MORNING. 101.

The sky is impossibly blue and the water looks clear and inviting. ARCHY and FRANK strip off, take a coin out of each of their pockets, throw the coin in a hat on the beach and dash into the water to join the crowd of ANZACS already there.

102. EXT. WATER. MORNING. 102.

FRANK and ARCHY swim and splash around like seals. They duck each other, challenge other SWIMMERS around them to an underwater race, duck dive to the bottom and generally behave as they would on a carefree Sunday on an Australian beach.

Suddenly there's a roar and explosion overhead and shrapnel hits the water like hail. Legs and bums are seen all over the place as the SWIMMERS duck dive to the bottom to escape.

102A. UNDERWATER MONTAGE. DAY. 102A.

SWIMMERS, including FRANK and ARCHY, twist and turn like seals while above another shell blasts the surface of the water, sending down thousands of splinters of metal, which now spiral harmlessly toward the bottom.

ARCHY catches some in his hand.

102B. EXT. WATER. MORNING. 102B.

After a second or two everyone surfaces and looks around expectantly. One of the SWIMMERS, wounded in the shoulder, raises his arm in a victory salute. He walks out of the water, helped by his mates, and collects his winnings from the hat to the cheers and best wishes of the other SWIMMERS.

103. EXT. BEACH. DAY. (MONTAGE) 103.

A MONTAGE OF GALLIPOLI LIFE. SHOTS INCLUDE:

SHOT 1:

ARCHY and FRANK sunbake on beach.

SHOT 2:

SOLDIERS take photograph of their surroundings.

SHOT 3:

SIKHS sacrifice goat at sunset. Watched by FRANK and ARCHY and OTHERS.

SHOT 4:

WOUNDED MAN on donkey assisted by a large AMBULANCEMAN.

SHOT 5:

Game of cricket on Shell Green, including GRAY, BARTON, FRANK & ARCHY. Shells burst in background.

SHOT 6
Jam tin bomb factory on beach.

104. EXT. WATSONS JETTY. NIGHT. 104.

A boatload of INFANTRY RECRUITS unloads on the wharf. Among them are BILLY, BARNEY and SNOWY.

105/106. EXT. BEACH. NIGHT. 105/106

FRANK crouches near the incinerator, surrounded by a SMALL GROUP of MEN. He is doing a fast trade in souvenirs - Turkish belt buckles, buttons, a German luger pistol and a couple of examples of trench-art.

He accepts his payment - money, rum and bacon.

The various deals complete, he stands and looks about him. Nearby the troop of INFANTRY REINFORCEMENTS is being assembled by SERGEANT SAYERS. BARNEY being a head taller than the others is the first one FRANK spots.

A jubilant reunion results and even SNOWY forgives FRANK's past sins in the pleasure of their meeting.

FRANK hails ARCHY who is working on a water fatigue some yards down the beach.

(NOW TO DIALOGUE ON PAGE 69, DELETE FIRST SENTENCE AT TOP OF PAGE)

(cont)

106. Cont'd 106.

The BOYS laugh. FRANK affectionately ruffles his hair. ARCHY approaches the GROUP.

FRANK

Oh er fellas. This is m'mate Archy.

The MATES nod to ARCHY but are obviously a little cool.

SNOWY

Where are you from Arch?

ARCHY

Up the bush. Good to meet you all finally.

BILLY

Has he been talking about us?

ARCHY

You know Frank.

SNOWY (nods)

Likes to hear the sound of his own voice.

ARCHY

I reckon I know more about you than your own mothers.

BARNEY

Let's hope so.

They laugh at a privately shared joke.

ARCHY

How is your er.....

BARNEY

It's not what they thought it was thank gawd, but it's still going to be a long time before I go near any of those sort of women again!

(cont'd)

105/106 (cont) 105/106

They laugh. ARCHY has obviously been accepted.

SERGEANT SAYERS walks up to the group.

SAYERS

Dunne of the Light Horse I see?

107. EXT. RESERVE AREA BEHIND TRENCHES DAY. 107.

In the area behind the front line trenches, BILLY, SNOWY and BARNEY prepare for action.

SNOWY writes in his diary, while BARNEY painstakingly stitches a white patch onto the back of his shirt.

SERGEANT SAYERS appears distributing mail to the men.

SAYERS

Nothing for you Wilson.

BILLY

None of his family can write.

SNOWY

Don't worry Barn -
you can read mine.

SAYERS

"Dunne" who's goirg to
take his?

SNOWY reaches for the offered letter and parcel.

BARNEY

Why do we have to sew these bloody
things on?

(cont)

107 (cont)

SAYERS

So artillery can see us when we go over. We don't want our own shells dropping on us.

SNOWY

Be just our luck.

A silence falls. BILLY stands and offers SAYERS his hand.

BILLY

All the best Bob.

SAYERS

You too.

BARNEY and SNOWY also shake SAYERS hand.

SAYERS

We're going to make history this afternoon.

107B. EXT. RESERVE AREA. LATER SAME DAY.

FRANK walks along the trench until he finds his old mates.

SNOWY tosses him his mail and FRANK sits down to open it.

FRANK reads out a note in the parcel.

FRANK (reading note)

Your name has been selected at random by the Ladies' Patriotic Auxiliary. By the time you read this you will probably have seen heroic service in France. We salute you and all the other brave sons of the Empire and hope that this parcel does its little bit to keep up morale. God Bless.

(cont)

FRANK pulls out the first item, a very badly knitted sweater with an enormously long trunk and one arm noticeably shorter than the other.

ARCHY, PADDY and BILLY grin broadly.

FRANK

I think they selected the measurements at random too.

He dives into the package again.

FRANK

Soap, lavender water, linament, Eno's. Gawd, the old ducks have sent me half a chemists shop. A cook book? What do they think this is....A bloody picnic?

SNOWY

It's the thought that counts.

FRANK

Yeah and it would count a bit more if they could bloody well think!

The others can't restrain themselves any more. They howl with laughter.

FRANK opens a letter and turns flabbergasted to the others.

FRANK

That just finishes it off. A bloke who fixed m'bike eighteen months ago sends me a bill for seven and six!

SNOWY

How's the time?

BILLY

Just after two.

(cont)

FRANK

When do you go over?

BARNEY & BILLY (together)

Four.

FRANK

Going for the ridge?

SNOWY

No. What's it called?

BILLY

Lone Pine.

BILLY turns to FRANK

BILLY

What about your mob?

FRANK

We charge the Nek tomorrow morning.

BARNEY

The Nek. They reckon the Turks have got machine guns everwhere up there, Frank.

FRANK

Ship's guns are going to knock 'em out before we go over. Have a drink Sno.

He offers a small flash to SNOWY.

SNOWY

No thanks.

(cont)

107B. (cont) 107B.

FRANK

The Lord's not going to hold it against you. He turns a blind eye an hour before every battle.

SNOWY considers this, nods and drinks. He nearly chokes.

108. INT. REGIMENTAL HEADQUARTERS. DAY. 108.

MAJOR BARTON talks with COLONEL ROBINSON, his commander who we first glimpsed in Egypt. BARTON frowns. LIEUTENANT GRAY and TWO ARTILLERY OFFICERS are also there.

BARTON

What you're telling me sir, and correct me if I'm wrong, is that the infantry attacks at Lone Pine and our attack at the Nek are just diversions.

ROBINSON

Not just diversions Major. Vitally important diversions.

He turns to map.

ROBINSON (cont)

Tonight, twenty-five thousand British troops are to land here, at Suvla Bay. Our attacks are to draw the Turks down on us so the British can get ashore. I'm sorry I couldn't tell you this before, but secrecy is vital.

BARTON

The Nek is a fortress. At least five machine guns protect it at point-blank range.

ROBINSON

We've considered that Barton - we're going to hit their trenches with the heaviest barrage of the campaign just before your men go over the top.

(cont)

ARTILLERY OFFICER

By the time we've finished Major, there won't be a Turk within miles.

ROBINSON sees that BARTON is still not totally convinced.

ROBINSON

The Turks can keep us pinned down at Anzac forever. This new British landing is our only hope. We must do what we can to make it succeed.

BARTON nods, The argument has some force.

ROBINSON (to Artillery Officer)

Everything's ready at your end?

ARTILLERY OFFICER

Yes sir. All the guns are in position. We'll start the bombardment at dawn and stop at 0430 sharp. Just over twelve hours to go.

He looks at his watch. It reads 4.20 p.m. GRAY looks at his. It reads 4.13 p.m.

SCENE 109 IS DELETED

110. EXT. DUGOUT. SUNSE.T

ARCHY and FRANK sit outside their dugout in the half light of sunset.

ARCHY

When are they going?

FRANK (looking at watch)

Just about now.

There is a deafening 'WHUMPH" as the land mines are detonated that signal the start of the Lone Pine attack.

111. EXT. CASUALTY CLEARING STATION. NIGHT.

FRANK presses anxiously through the infantry trenches at Lone Pine.

CASUALTIES are pouring back through the communication saps which have been dug across to the new forward lines.

Suddenly he sees BILLY, who has been wounded in the shoulc sitting outside the Casualty Clearing Station. BILLY's ur rm is torn and covered with dirt.

FRANK runs across to him and puts his arm around his shoulder.

FRANK

You O.K.?

BILLY (numbly)

Barney's dead. He was running right beside me a n d I thought he'd just tripped - you know how clumsy he is.....

FRANK

And Snow - ?

112. INT. CASUALTY CLEARING STATION NIGHT. 11.

FRANK sits by SNOWY's bed. Other WOUNDED lie nearby. Some groan. Some are attended to by DOCTORS.

SNOWY

They won't let me eat or drink Frank. Why d'you reckon that is?

FRANK

They know what they're going Snow.

SNOWY grabs FRANK's arm. He knows he's dying.

SNOWY

We got there Frank. We took their bloody trenches,

FRANK

Billy said you were a real hero.

SNOWY

Will you give me diary to mum and dad. I'd like them to know what I did.

FRANK nods and turns away.

113. INT. DUGOUT. NIGHT. 113.

FRANK sits huddled in the dugout. His face is ashen and he's clearly shaken. ARCHY tries to comfort him.

ARCHY

No Turk in his right mind is going to waste a bullet on you.

ARCHY passes a flask to FRANK who, ashen faced, drinks a deep draught.

ARCHY

Get some sleep.

FRANK obediently lies down.

114. EXT. DUGOUT. NIGHT. 114.

ARCHY stands outside the dugout looking up at the magnificent starry night. Frank is asleep inside.

115. EXT. GULLIES. NIGHT. 115.

BARTON walks through the winding maze of gullies lit by kerosene tin signs which glow eerily in the night. MEN in a dugout sharpen bayonets on a grinder.. sparks fly as steel metal touches stone. A dozen bayonets rest beside the wheel.

116. EXT. DUGOUT. NIGHT. 116.

BARTON approaches ARCHY.

BARTON

Nine and five-sixteenths.

ARCHY reacts

BARTON(cont)

You're Archy Hamilton aren't you?

ARCHY's reaction indicates he is.

BARTON

Don't worry. I'm not going to turn you in. Proud to have you with us. (PAUSE. BARTON PUFFS ON HIS PIPE,) I need a runner tomorrow.

ARCHY

With respect sir, I'd rather fight.

BARTON

A few extra yards of speed could save hundreds of lives.

ARCHY

I've come a long way to be in this sir. I don't want to miss out.

BARTON

I have to have a runner Hamilton. Communication won't last five minutes once the shelling starts.

(cont)

116. (cont) 116.

ARCHY
You cannot me Frank.
He's just as fast as I am.
I'm the one who really got him into this.

BARTON looks at him.

ARCHY (cont)

He wanted to start a bike shop.

BARTON (indicating dugout)

Is he scared?

ARCHY (set jaw)

No sir... well, just a bit.

BARTON looks at him thoughtfully.

BARTON

Who isn't.

117. INT. BARTON's DUGOUT. NIGHT. 117.

BARTON sits in his dugout with a wind up gramophone listening to a scratchy operatic aria and puffing on his pipe. He stands up, takes the pipe from his mouth and begins to sing the aria. Bemused SOLDIERS glance in as they pass.

BARTON opens the champagne given tp him by his wife and pours a glass.

118. EXT. SUPPORT TRENCHES. BEFORE DAWN. 118.

ARCHY, FRANK and their TROOP, make themselves ready for the attack. FRANK is plainly uneasy. He abuses someone near him for standing on his toe. LIEUTENANT GRAY walks up to them.

GRAY

Dunne. Report to Major Barton.

(cont)

FRANK (nervously)
What for?

GRAY (smiles)
You're off the hook. He needs a runner. Go on. Get moving.

GRAY turns and walks off.

ARCHY
Half your luck.

FRANK grins, picks up his rifle, stands and turns to ARCHY.

ARCHY
Mahleesh - fate.

FRANK
Yeah. See you when I see you.

They shake and FRANK moves off.

(cont)

118. Cont'd 118.

ARCHY (slight grin)
Not if I see you first.

119. EXT/INT. FIRE TRENCH. THE NEK. DAWN. 119.

BARTON stands in the trench. WIDEN to show GRAY standing in front of him looking out into no man's land with the aid of a periscope. GRAY hands the periscope to BARTON. BARTON looks at FRANK who stands beside him and moves forward to survey the scene.

120. EXT. NO MAN'S LAND. THE NEK. DAWN. 120.

We see, from Barton's P.O.V., the Nek. A narrow blasted strip of land, beyond which, dimly seen in the early dawn, are ominous lines of Turkish trenches ascending the hill behind. As Barton watches, the artillery barrage on the Turkish position commences and the landscape is rapidly obscured by smoke and dust.

121. EXT. GUN EMPLACEMENT. DAWN. 121.

AUSTRALIAN GUNNERS work feverishly to keep up a concentrated barrage.

122. EXT/INT. SUPPORT TRENCH. THE NEK. DAWN. 122.

In a support trench behind the fire trench the LIGHTHORSEMEN in Archy's squadron prepare for the assault. There is a lot of good humour and excitement about the prospect of a good 'scrap'. Some write letters home or make entries in their diaries. CLOSE on ARCHY who is scribbling a letter home.

(cont'd)

122. Cont'd 122.

ARCHY (V/O)

Dear Mum and Dad, I know you really still haven't forgiven me for running off, but I'm sure in my own mind I was right and so would you if you were here with me now. We're getting ready to make an all out assault on Johnny Turk and we all know we're going to give a good account of ourselves and our country. Everyone is terribly excited. There's a feeling that we're all involved in an adventure that's somehow larger than life.

123. EXT/INT. THE FIRE TRENCH. THE NEK. DAWN. 123.

In the fire trench the first line of LIGHTHORSEMEN stand on the fire step ready to charge. A SECOND LINE stands behind them waiting to give them a leg up. Pegs have been driven into the walls for the MEN to hold and niches have been cut for their feet so they can get themselves out of the trenches with a minimum of delay. FRANK stands next to BARTON. BARTON signals GRAY, who hands him his watch. Suddenly the artillery bombardment stops. BARTON looks at GRAY's watch, frowns and takes up a periscope. We see from his P.O.V.

124. EXT. NO MAN'S LAND. THE NEK. DAWN. 124.

The dust over no man's land settles and leaves behind an eerie cordite mist.

125. EXT/INT. THE NEK. DAWN. 125.

BARTON puts down his periscope, checks his timepiece again and looks puzzled. GRAY looks at the watch.

GRAY

Shouldn't've stopped yet should it sir? Still seven minutes to go.

(cont'd)

125. Cont'd 125.

BARTON

Did you synchronise this with artillery?

GRAY

Yes sir.

BARTON

Maybe they're luring the Turks back into the trenches so they can give them a finishing burst. Call up H.Q. Frank, and find out what's happened.

FRANK runs towards the field telephone.

126. EXT/INT. SUPPORT TRENCH. THE NEK. DAWN. 126.

ARCHY waits with his TROOP in the support trench. They look at each other. A YOUNG TROOPER looks at ARCHY.

TROOPER

Why's the artillery stopped?

ARCHY (frowns)

Don't know.

127. EXT. THE NEK. DAWN. 127.

COLONEL WHITE, the commander of the regiment about to go over, strides up to BARTON.

WHITE

What's happened?

BARTON

Damned if I know.

(cont'd)

127. Cont'd 127.

WHITE

You'd better send us now. If the Turks get back into the trenches we'll be cut to ribbons!

BARTON

Hang on till I check. The artillery might be coming in with a final burst.

One of WHITE'S OFFICERS, further down the trench, who is looking out on the Nek through a periscope, calls out to him.

OFFICER

They're pouring back into the trenches sir!

128. EXT. NO MAN'S LAND. DAWN. 128.

We see, from the periscope's P.O.V., the points of the Turkish bayonets as the Turks stream back into the front trenches.
The points of the bayonets gleam dully in the early morning light as they swell and thicken in number. The effect is eerie and menacing, as if a giant steel hedgehog is bristling and readying itself for battle.

129. EXT. BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS. DAWN. 129.

COLONEL ROBINSON looks at his watch and bellows into the field telephone.

ROBINSON

I don't care what your watches say. Mine says they should've gone three minutes ago, so send 'em!

130. EXT/INT. FIRE TRENCH. DAWN. 130.

FRANK runs to BARTON.

FRANK

Robinson says to go sir.

BARTON

Did you tell him the Turks were back in the trenches?

FRANK

Yes and he still said to go.

BARTON frowns and raises his whistle to his lips.

131. EXT. THE CHARGE. THE NEK DAWN. 131.

A SERGEANT MAJOR walks along past the excited LINE of LIGHTHORSEMEN.

SGT. MAJOR

Fix bayonets. Check cut-offs. We want nothing up the spout. You're going in with a bayonet.

We hear the whistle blow and the first wave of 150 LIGHT HORSE TROOPERS rises up out of the ground and charges the Nek.

They are led by COLONEL STAFFORD. A withering hail of Turkish rifle and machine gun fire opens up, and the ANZACS, scarcely out of their trench, sink to the ground like puppets whose strings have suddenly gone slack. The Turkish fire dies away and there is total and profound silence around the battlefields.

132. EXT/INT. FIRE TRENCH. DAWN. 132.

The SECOND LINE moves into position. DEAD and DYING lie in the trench and on the parapet above.

133. EXT/INT. SUPPORT TRENCH. DAWN.

CLOSE ON ARCHY and his TROOP in the third wave as they move forward into the fire trench, ready to give a leg up to the second wave.

134. EXT/INT. FIRE TRENCH. DAWN. 134

CLOSE on BARTON's tortured face as he raises the whistle to his lips. FRANK looks away from the line of waiting MEN.

135. EXT. TURKISH TRENCHES. DAWN. 135.

In LONG SHOT we see the TURKS hopping onto their parapets to get a clearer field of fire, quite certain of their own safety. Several machine guns are manhandled onto the parapet. Some sit with their legs dangling over, smoking and waiting.

136. EXT/INT. FIRE TRENCH. DAWN. 136.

BARTON blows on the whistle.

137. EXT. NO MAN'S LAND. DAWN. 137.

The SECOND WAVE gets a little further, but it too, is annihilated. The bodies lie in a neat row, lit now by the first rays of the sun.

138. EXT/INT. FIRE TRENCH. MORNING. 138.

The scene in the fire trench is hellish. The TROOPERS who were hit before they even left the trench lie dead or dying on the floor. STRETCHER BEARERS do their best to carry off the WOUNDED, some of whom are writhing and screaming in agony.

Over and around this carnage the THIRD WAVE of TROOPERS prepare to attack. ARCHY is among them. THE FOURTH WAVE move behind them.

CLOSE on ARCHY who is stunned by the carnage. FRANK spots him. They look at each other for an instant. FRANK's face is white. The SGT. MAJOR moves along the trench repeating the earlier instructions and telling the men to leave the wounded where they lie.

BARTON

This is madness. I'm not sending any more men out into that.

139. INT. BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS. MORNING. 139.

COLONEL ROBINSON bellows into the field telephone.

ROBINSON

What's happening down there Lieutenant?

140. EXT/INT. FIRE TRENCH. MORNING. 140.

LIEUTENANT GRAY speaks into the field telephone.

GRAY

Well it's all pretty confusing at the moment sir.

141. RETURN TO SC. 139. 141.

ROBINSON

Has it been a success or hasn't it?

142. RETURN TO SC. 140 142.

GRAY (trying to please)

It's hard to tell sir, but there was a report that one of our marker flags was seen in the enemy trench. (At this moment the line is cut) Hullo? Hullo sir?

(To Barton)

The line's cut!

BARTON scribbles a note.

BARTON (to Frank)

Take this to the Colonel!

FRANK runs off at top speed in the direction of headquarters.

(cont'd)

142. Cont'd 142.

The TROOPERS wait. A YOUNG TROOPER next to ARCHY turns to him. The BOY is clearly terrified but is trying to remain calm.

TROOPER
Are they going to make us go?

ARCHY (reassuringly)
No, there's no point.

CLOSE on ARCHY. He begins to take long, deep breaths.

143. EXT. TRENCHES. MONTAGE. DAY. 143.

FRANK runs at top speed. He pushes past PEOPLE in his headlong rush to Brigade Headquarters.

144. INT. BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS. DAY. 144.

The COLONEL studies Barton's note.

ROBINSON
Tell Major Barton that the attack must proceed.

FRANK
Sir, I don't think you've got the picture. They're being cut down before they get five yards.

ROBINSON
Our marker flags have been seen in the Turkish trenches, so the attack must continue at all costs.

Sweat pours down FRANK's face. ROBINSON picks up the field telephone, listens, frowns then furiously winds the handle on the phone.

ROBINSON
Still haven't fixed that bloody line!

(cont'd)

144. Cont'd 144.

He scribbles out a note and hands it to FRANK.

ROBINSON
I repeat. The attack must proceed!

FRANK gives the COLONEL a look of pure hatred before hurrying from the dugout.

145. EXT. TRENCHES. DAY. 145.

FRANK runs back towards the fire trench.

146. EXT/INT. FIRE TRENCH. DAY. 146.

FRANK stumbles along the trench. He passes ARCHY, hesitates, they stare at each other, but can say nothing. FRANK stumbles on and passes the note to BARTON.

BARTON
Marker flags? Who told him there were marker flags?

GRAY (nervously)
I heard someone say they'd seen one sir.

BARTON
Who?

GRAY
I-I-I'm not sure sir.

BARTON
Gray you idiot! No-one has got further than ten yards!

FRANK (sudden idea)
Why don't you go above Robinson's head sir?

(cont'd)

146. Cont'd 146.

BARTON and FRANK exchange a look.

BARTON

General Gardner! Go like the wind!

147. EXT. TRENCHES. DAY. 147.

FRANK runs towards General Headquarters. He comes to the choice point we've seen earlier, between braving the sniper fire and going the longer, safer way. He hesitates for an instant and then plunges across the sniper route marked by a skull and crossbones.
Almost immediately bullets start kicking up around his heels and he is very clearly in grave danger of his life. He makes it.

148. INT. GENERAL HEADQUARTERS. DAY. 148.

FRANK waits anxiously as GARDNER deliberates.

GARDNER

It does sound pointless to go on, but on the other hand.....

An OFFICER enters.

OFFICER

The British are ashore at Suvla sir.

GARDNER

Are they meeting heavy opposition?

OFFICER

None sir. And apparently they're just sitting around on the beaches drinking cups of tea.

GARDNER

Tell Major Barton the attack is cancelled.

FRANK (relieved)

Sir!

149. EXT. GARDNER's HEADQUARTERS. DAY. 149

FRANK sets off for the fire trench.

150. EXT. TRENCHES MONTAGE. DAY. 150.

FRANK stumbles with sheer exhaustion. He picks himself up and runs on with his chest heaving. Again he braves sniper's gap. Again he makes it.

150A. EXT. SECTION OF ANOTHER TRENCH. 150A.

A SIGNALLER is splicing two telephone cables together. It's a difficult job and he comes under sniper fire.

150B. INT. BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS. DAY. 150B.

A JUNIOR OFFICER, telephone in hand, turns to COLONEL ROBINSON.

OFFICER

The line's restored Sir.

ROBINSON takes the receiver.

151. EXT/INT. FIRE TRENCH. DAY. 151.

The TROOPERS wait tensely in the trench. Some sit alone. Some chat quietly. Some write letters or entries in their diaries.

ARCHY looks around for a sign of FRANK.
BARTON is on the field telephone, talking to Robinson.

ROBINSON (V/O)

Those men should've gone Barton. Marker flags have been seen.

BARTON

Not by me sir. I've asked for confirmation from General Gardner.

(cont)

151. (cont) 151.

ROBINSON (V/O)

Your orders are to attack and you'll do so immediately. The British at Suvla must be allowed to get ashore! Is that clear? You are to push on.

BARTON

Sir. It's cold-blooded murder.

ROBINSON

I said push on.

BARTON (grimly)

Goodbye Colonel.

He replaces the receiver and turns to GRAY.

BARTON (cont)

I can't ask my men to do what I wouldn't do myself.

He turns to his MEN, taking his revolver out as he does so.

BARTON

All right men! We're going. I expect every one of you to do your utmost. Good luck and God Bless you.

(cont)

152. EXT. TRENCHES. DAY. 152.

CLOSE on FRANK running. He is driving his body to its limits and sweat and tears almost blind him.

153. EXT/INT. FIRE TRENCH. DAY. 153.

All along the line TROOPERS make their final preparations. MATES shake each other's hands. Some MEN mumble prayers, some finger good luck charms and others simply get themselves into position ready to go over the top. BARTON draws his revolver. ARCHY makes no move to pick up his rifle and goes from the deep breathing to the loosening up phase of preparation. In his head he hears the voice of his Grandfather Jack.

JACK (V/O)
What are your legs?

ARCHY (whispering)
Springs. Steel springs.

JACK (V/O)
What are they going to do?

ARCHY (whispering)
Hurl me down the track.

There are tears of frustration in his eyes, but his preparation is intense and calm.

154. EXT. SUPPORT TRENCHES. DAY. 154.

FRANK buffets his way frantically through the milling crowd of TROOPERS in the support trenches. We still hear ARCHY's warm up routine in voice over.

JACK (V/O)
How fast can you run?

ARCHY(V/O louder)
As fast as a leopard.

(cont'd)

154. Cont'd 154.

JACK (V/O)
How fast are you going to run?

ARCHY (V/O loud)
As fast as a leopard.

JACK (V/O)
Then let's see you do it!

FRANK hears a whistle blow three times. He stops dead.

155. EXT. NO MAN'S LAND. DAY. 155.

We follow ARCHY as he runs on out into no man's land through an eerie cordite mist. His run seems slightly odd - out of phase with its particular time and place. The roar of the gunfire fades down as ARCHY drives his muscles to the utmost of their capacity, and when he's finally and inevitably felled by a machine gun blast it seems as though he has just breasted an invisible tape.

156. EXT/INT. FIRE TRENCH. DAY. 156.

FRANK stands in the fire trench surrounded by dead and dying HORSEMEN. STRETCHER BEARERS force their way past him, stumbling through the tangle of limbs. The sound of gunfire has all but faded away as the TROOPERS in the fourth wave take up their positions in the trench. He turns to LIEUTENANT GRAY who's taken over from Barton.

FRANK
The attack's cancelled. Orders from General Gardner.

CLOSE on the relief on GRAY's face.
CLOSE on FRANK. He stares at something in the wall of the trench.
CLOSE on bayonet buried deep into the earth of the trench. From it hangs Archy's gold Sheffield medal on a bright blue ribbon and on the medal we see the figure of a runner embossed in the gold.

END CREDITS SUPERIMPOSED OVER THE GOLD MEDAL.

THE END